Paramount

Captain Kidd, Jr.

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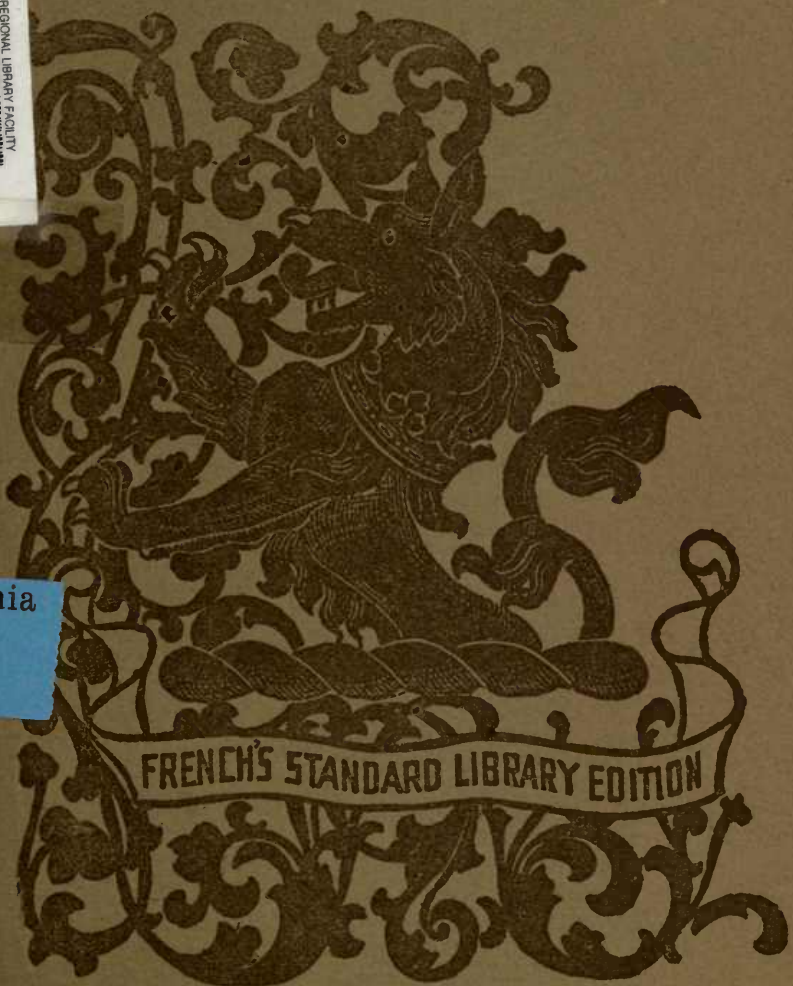

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SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th St., New York

PRICE 90¢

COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

A charming comedy in 3 acts. Adapted by A. E. Thomas from the story of the same name by Alice Duer Miller. 6 males, 5 females. 3 interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story of "Come Out of the Kitchen" is written around a Virginia family of the old aristocracy, by the name of Daingerfield, who, finding themselves temporarily embarrassed, decide to rent their magnificent home to a rich Yankee. One of the conditions of the lease by the well-to-do New Englander stipulates that a competent staff of white servants should be engaged for his sojourn at the stately home. This servant question presents practically insurmountable difficulties, and one of the daughters of the family conceives the mad-cap idea that she, her sister and their two brothers shall act as the domestic staff for the wealthy Yankee. Olivia Daingerfield, who is the ringleader in the merry scheme, adopts the cognomen of Jane Allen, and elects to preside over the destinies of the kitchen. Her sister, Elizabeth, is appointed housemaid. Her elder brother, Paul, is the butler, and Charley, the youngest of the group, is appointed to the position of bootboy. When Burton Crane arrives from the North, accompanied by Mrs. Faulkner, her daughter, and Crane's attorney, Tucker, they find the staff of servants to possess so many methods of behavior out of the ordinary that amusing complications begin to arise immediately. Olivia's charm and beauty impress Crane above everything else, and the merry story continues through a maze of delightful incidents until the real identity of the heroine is finally disclosed. But not until Crane has professed his love for his charming cook, and the play ends with the brightest prospects of happiness for these two young people. "Come Out of the Kitchen," with Ruth Chatterton in the leading rôle, made a notable success on its production by Henry Miller at the Cohan Theatre, New York. It was also a great success at the Strand Theatre, London. A most ingenious and entertaining comedy, and we strongly recommend it for amateur production. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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Captain Kidd, Jr.

A FARCICAL ADVENTURE IN THREE ACTS

BY

RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG

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The following is a copy of the playbill of the first performance of "CAPTAIN KIDD, Jr." at the Cohan & Harris Theatre, New York City— November 13, 1916.

MESSRS. COHAN & HARRIS

PRESENT

Captain Kidd, Jr.

A FARCICAL ADVENTURE IN THREE ACTS

By
Rida Johnson Young

Staged under the Direction of Sam Forrest

THE CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In the order of their first appearance)

Andrew MacTavish.....Ernest Stallard
An Expressman.....Westcott B. Clarke
Mary MacTavish.....Edith Taliaferro
Jim Anderson.....Otto Kruger
George Brent.....Lincoln Plumer
Marian Fenton.....Adele Rolland
William Carleton.....Charles Brown
Lemuel Bush.....Edward Snader
Luella Bush.....Zelda Sears
Samuel Dickens.....Charles Dow Clark
Greyson .....Elmer Grandin
Green..... *Surveyors* } ....Alf De Corsey
Brown ..... } ....Olney Morgan
Solomon Shears .....George Flint
John Long .....Danby Dillon

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—MACTAVISH & COMPANY, *The Book Shop*
(Wait Eight Minutes)

ACT II.—CAPE COD. A few days later.
(Wait Ten Minutes)

ACT III.—SAME AS ACT I. A few days later.

TIME.—The present.

PLACE.—New York and Cape Cod.

Captain Kidd, Jr.

ACT I

SCENE: *An old book shop on 4th Avenue, down town, New York.*

When the door is opened one can see the stone steps leading up to the street. The door R. *of* C.

DISCOVERED: *At rise of curtain* ANDREW MACTAVISH *is discovered reading at table* L. R. *of it. The door opens* R. C. *and an* EXPRESSMAN *enters, carrying a large wooden box.* MAC, *absorbed in his book, does not look up.*

EXPRESSMAN. (*Upstairs* C. *at door* R. C.) Hey, where'll I put this?

MACTAVISH. (*Looks up*) Eh?

EXPRESSMAN. Where do you want the box?

MACTAVISH. What is it, man?

EXPRESSMAN. Ain't you MacTavish and Company?

MACTAVISH. Aye, I'm MacTavish. The Com-

pany is out.

EXPRESSMAN. *(Dumps the box on chest down* R.) Well, here's the box of books you bought at the Carleton auction. $5.25 collect.

MACTAVISH. Dearie, me, dearie me, the boy's been at it again! *(Crosses to cash drawer in desk on counter* U. C.)

EXPRESSMAN. Seventy-five cents's fer haulin' it.

MACTAVISH. Whatever will Mary say to this! *(Finds the drawer locked)* I'm sorry, but my partner is out and has the keys to the cash drawer. Will ye stop by later?

EXPRESSMAN. I can't do that; there's only one delivery a day.

MACTAVISH. Well, I'm thinkin' you'll have to be takin' the box back, then.

EXPRESSMAN. Take it back! Where to? Auctions don't take nothing back.

MACTAVISH. *(Comes down* L. C.) Well, I'm sure I don't know what to say.

MARY. *(Enters* C.) Hello, Grand-daddy! *(Turns to* EXPRESSMAN *as* MAC *motions toward him)* What is it, Grand-daddy?

MACTAVISH. *(To the* EXPRESSMAN) This is the Company.

EXPRESSMAN. *(To* MARY) Oh, is that so? Well, then you can pay me five-twenty-five.

MARY. Five dollars and twenty-five cents!

MACTAVISH. It's a big box of books, Mary.

MARY. Books? But we've bought no books.

EXPRESSMAN. You ain't! *(Opens order book)* Well, what's this then? *(Reads)* "Box o' mis'llaneous books and pamphlets unopened. Bought by MacTavish and Company, per J. A." $5.25 collect.

MACTAVISH. I fear me Jim's been at it again Mary. It's from the Carleton auction.

MARY. (*Goes* R. *and looks at books*) Well, I'll not accept it.

EXPRESSMAN. (*Goes to* C.) Now see here, Miss, you can't go sending people to auctions and then renig on it.

MARY. But we sent no one.

EXPRESSMAN. Well, then who's this "Per J. A.?"

MARY. He has no authority to act for us. He's supposed to be a friend of my grandfather's. You can take them right back.

MACTAVISH. (*As the* EXPRESSMAN *looks at him*) He's my adopted son, like.

MARY. (*Indignantly, as she moves to* R. *of* MAC) Your adopted son! He's nothing of the sort. I'm surprised at you, Grand-daddy!

EXPRESSMAN. Now wait a minute! You folks will have to settle your family history among yourselves; this is my busy day.

MARY. Well, don't let me detain you.

MACTAVISH. Ye'd better pay him, Mary; it's best to be rid of him.

MARY. (*As she crosses to back of counter*) It's an outrage, but I suppose we'll have to do it.

MACTAVISH. (R. *Corner*) It'll be the last time, Mary. I'll give Jim a good talkin' to.

MARY. You needn't bother, I'll attend to that. (*To* EXPRESSMAN) How much did you say it was?

EXPRESSMAN. (*Going up to counter*) Five dollars and twenty-five cents. (*Looking at his order book*)

MARY. Here's your money.

EXPRESSMAN. Not mine, lady; far be it from such! Sign here, please. (*Counts the money as* MARY *signs order book*) Five twenty-five. (MARY *hands him the book*) Say, don't I git nothin' fer luggin' that all the way down town?

MARY. Yes, you got exercise.

EXPRESSMAN. (*As he goes up* R. C.) Rah, rah, rah! Votes fer women! (*Exits* C.)

MACTAVISH. (*Goes* R.) Oh, Mary, ye shouldna be bandyin' words wi' him.

MARY. (*Crossing to* L. *front of counter*) I know I shouldn't, but I coudn't resist it. And I shouldn't be short with you either, old dear, about Jim. But that useless box of trash was just about the last straw this morning. (*Goes to* L. C.)

MACTAVISH. What's the matter, Mary? (*Goes to* R. *of her both* L. C.)

MARY. I've been to see the landlord.

MAC. It's true, then? Larrabee's going to raise the rent?

MARY. Yes, almost double. They're going to level the sidewalks and he's going to put fine new fronts on all the shops.

MAC. (*Crosses and sits* R. *of table*) Dear, dear, whatever will we do now?

MARY. (*Over to back of him*) Now, Grand-daddy, remember what you make us say when things go wrong! (*Recites*)

"The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining,
I therefore turn the clouds about
And always wear them inside out
To show the lining."

(*Laughs and goes* C.) Grand-daddy, with the sidewalks leveled and the shop practically on the ground floor, if you'd let me put in some new fiction and some foreign works and advertise a little——

MAC. Now, Mary, I'm glad to gi' ye a free hand wi' the business, but there's one thing I'm firm about—I'll no' let ye spend one penny of the two thousand dollars your mother left ye—except for a wedding outfit.

MARY. Well, it'll stay in the bank forever then,

because I'm going to be an old maid. (*Takes off her hat and savagely digs the hatpin into it*)

MAC. (*Rises and goes to* L. C.) A little old maid, eh? What's come between you and our Jim, lass?

MARY. Our Jim, indeed! Your Jim. He's nothing to me. Besides, what has he to do with my being an old maid?

MAC. He has nothin' to do wi' it, but I'm thinkin' he'll have something to say against it. You know, before you went away to school you and Jim were verra thick.

MARY. That was only childish nonsense, Granddaddy. (*Moves over* R.)

MAC. The lad still wears the little ring ye gave him on his watch-chain.

MARY. Well, Jim was all right a few years ago, but when I came back from college he'd grown so. He was a man! He had a moustache.

MAC. Well, lass, he could hardly help growin'—and he took off the moustache when he found ye didna like it.

MARY. He expected me to kiss him the first day I came back—before he'd found out if I even cared. Fresh! So sure of himself and of me! He didn't seem to realize that I was a young lady and that I might have something to say. No, he thought all he had to do was to whistle and I'd come running. (JIM *is heard whistling off-stage*)

MAC. There's Jim's whistle now. Bless the boy!

MARY. He's always whistling. Well, he can't whistle for me! (*Tosses her head and exits into room* L.)

JIM. (*Comes running down the steps and into the shop to* C. *Leave door open*) Hi, MacTavish, it's a fine day! How's your soul?

MAC. (*Looking toward room* L.) 'Ssh!

JIM. What's the matter?

MAC. The company's no' pleased wi' ye, lad.

JIM. That's nothing new. What have I done now? (*As* MAC *points to box of books,* JIM *goes over* R.) Oh, the books! They've come. Let's open the box and see what the prize package contains. (*Begins to tear the paper from the box*)

MAC. You shouldna' have bought the books, Jim. You know Mary objects to auctions, especially sight-unseen packages.

JIM. The trouble with Mary is she has no imagination. There's no telling what we may find here. (*Over to* MAC) Don't you remember the time we found a 17th Century edition of Shakespeare in a bunch of old junk that nobody else would look at?

MAC. Yes, but that was only once. And remember the money we wasted on book auctions before Mary came into the business. (*Crosses to* C.)

JIM. (*Crossing to* R.) Well, didn't we have our fun out of it? The gamble is what makes life interesting. Why, it's as thrilling as a grab-bag at a strawberry festival. There's no telling what we may draw out of here. (MARY *enters from* L.) Old documents, lost wills, rare editions.

MARY. It would be a good idea if you could draw some of Grand-daddy's lost money out of it.

JIM. Oh, hello, Company! How's your soul this beautiful day? Mine's bubblin'! (*Removes his cup and puts it in his pocket*)

MARY. (MAC *gets to* L. *goes to* C.) Jim Anderson, I want to remind you for the last time that you have no connection with this business.

JIM. (*Goes to* C. *to* MARY) Well, I'm glad it's the last time; I'm tired of hearing it. (MAC *climbs up on ladder* L. *and starts dusting books*)

MARY. Simply because you lived here with Grand-daddy while I was away at school doesn't give you the right to buy and sell in our name.

JIM. Oh, I know that, but I wouldn't deprive you of my intellectual interest in the business.

MARY. Intellectual! Ha! (*Goes upstage* C.)

JIM. (*Crossing to* R.) Well, what would MacTavish and Company do, you poor, money grabbing souls, if I didn't inject a little romance into your lives? You'd wither up and blow away, you would that, Mary, you canny Scotch things.

MARY. (*Comes down* C.) I'm as much an American as you are!

JIM. Only on your mother's side. The Scotch sticks out of you like bare legs out of a kilt.

MARY. If I'm canny, it's a blessing. Where was the business when I came back from school? In debt, that's where it was, and not a thing ticketed or catalogued.

MAC. Jim's no' sayin' but what you've made a world of difference.

JIM. Oh, I don't deny you've put us on a better financial footing.

MARY. Us! Ha!

JIM. Editorially speaking.

MARY. Besides, what more do you want than a good financial basis? I tell you, money talks. (*Comes down* C.)

JIM. Naturally, there's a woman's head on the coin. (*Laughs*)

MARY. Cheap humor!

JIM. Cheap, eh? Why don't you blow yourself to a little?

MARY. Oh! (MARY *and* JIM *quarrel ad lib until* MAC *stops them*)

MAC. Now, now, children.

JIM. (*Crosses to* MAC. MARY *going upstage* R.) Well, Mac, hasn't she robbed us?

MARY. Us?

JIM. I mean MacTavish and Company of some of their best customers? Who wants to poke around a second-hand book-store where everything is in its right place?

MARY. We don't want people poking around.

JIM. (*Crossing to* L. C.) You don't, eh? It's the poking and finding and the dirty paws you get that makes an old bookstore interesting. Why, the place is as cold as a public library with all the poor books huddled together with others of their kind. (*Makes a grimace at* MARY, *then goes up to* MAC) And all price-marked! Price-marked! There's no beating up and beating down and haggling about it. A fellow never feels he's made a bargain. You've taken all the spirit of adventure out of it.

MARY. I'll not discuss it with you. (*Starts* L.)

JIM. Oh, you won't discuss it with me? (*Bare the way as she starts* L.)

MARY. Get out of my way, Jim Anderson! (*Bus. then she crosses to* L. *of table and sits* L. *of it*)

JIM. Just as saucy and independent as the Gas Company. (*Goes back to book* R., *laughing*)

MAC. (*To* JIM) Pat! Jim! (*As* JIM *looks up,* MAC *motions to door* C.)

JIM. Sure! (*Closes* C. *door, then goes back to box of books*)

MAC. Jim! Jim!

JIM. (*Look up to* MAC) What?

MAC. (*In a loud whisper*) I mean ye'd better be goin'. (*Then get off ladder crosses to* U. C.)

JIM. (*Down to box of books*) No, I'm not going to let Mary drive me out before I get to the bottom of this. There must be something here. (*Examines the books*) Seems, so far, to be a collection of cook books. (MARY *laughs*) Ha, Ha! Well, it's not such a bad bargain at that! Why,

there are cook books here from the year one. (*Over to* MAC C.) This gives me an idea. What do you say to gleaning from all these old recipes and making a book? "Things That Mother Used to Make" or something like that. Why, it'd sell like hot cakes. There isn't a man in the country who wouldn't buy one for his wife.

MAC. My, but that's a grand idea!

JIM. On the profits of a thing like that you could retire from business. I could give up my hack writing and go into the publishing business. My next book would be "Things Father Used to Eat." See! Give the wives a chance to get back at their husbands.

MAC. Lad, you're a genius!

JIM. (*Comes down* L. *and bangs the book on table*) I'm a genius! (*Crosses to* R. *laughing*)

MARY. (*Rises*) Jim Anderson!

JIM. Yes, ma'am?

MARY. I'm trying to make up my accounts. You disturb me.

JIM. (*Makes a low bow*) Pardon, Mary, Queen of Scots, I'll not offend again.

MARY. (*Curtsies*) Thank you. (JIM *whistles. She imitates him, then stamps her foot*) Oh, for goodness' sake, stop whistling that in here!

JIM. I can whistle if I like.

MARY. Not in here. (*Ad lib quarrel until* MAC *stops them*)

MAC. (MARY C. *comes downstage* C.) Children, children, stop it! Stop your quarreling! Remember your verses. (*Starts the verse*)

"The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining"

(*All three*)

I therefore turn my clouds about
And always wear them inside out

To show the lining."

MARY. (*As she goes* L.) Anyway, it's bad luck to whistle in the house. (*Exits* L.)

MAC. (C.) She's a sharp tongue, but a good heart, has Mary.

JIM. (*Crosses and sits on table* L. R. *of it.*) Oh, she's just a little girl, Mac.

MAC. Yes, and you're just a big boy, Jim, and always will be. Just as much of a boy as the day you first came to me.

JIM. I was a pretty hard customer to handle in those days, eh, Mac?

MAC. No, you were always a fine honest lad. (*Goes upstage and busies himself with books on counter*)

JIM. I wonder what would have become of me, Mac, if you hadn't taken me in here out of the cold that night? Selling papers yet, I suppose.

MAC. Not you, lad, you'd have fought your way up somehow.

JIM. It was pretty dog-gone nice of you taking me in—a street brat.

MAC. Nonsense! You were a fine playmate for Mary. I wish ye got on better wi' her now. (*Comes down* L. C.)

JIM. Mary was different then, Mac. She was a great little pal. Why, I was in love with her from the first day I put on long pants.

MAC. Uh! huh!

JIM. And she used to like me, too.

MAC. She did that!

JIM. Though she'd deny it now. (*Turns and looks at door* L.) That la-da-da ladies' seminary put the kibosh on all that. It ruined her, Mac.

MAC. She's a verra fine lass and you know it. I wish I could have given you her advantages, Jim. You should have gone to college, too.

JIM. (*Rises and goes to* L. *of* MAC) College! I'd never have gotten there what I got from these old books. Remember the nights we used to sit under the lamp in there before the gas was put in? (*Indicating off* L. I.)

MAC. I do that! And how hard I had to study to keep up wi' you. (*Both laugh*)

JIM. Ah, those were the happy days, weren't they, Mac? (*Goes to box of books* R., *sits on the chest and looks them over.* MAC *goes upstage* L. *and pastes strips in books. He softly sings the first two lines of "COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE".* JIM *sings the next two lines. They alternate until the chorus is finished.* MARY *enters from* L. *as* JIM *hums the first time. She stands looking at the two men, smiles, takes some papers from desk and quietly exits* L. *In the middle of the last line* JIM *breaks off*) I say, Mac, I think I've found something here that I can use; a story of a lost treasure. Just in time too. I've got an order for two columns of adventure for the Syndicate. By George, Mac, I think I can get just the dope I want out of this book. (*Rises and goes* R. C. MAC *drops down* L. C.) I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you—(*Digs down in his pockets for money*) $5.25 for this and that'll keep Mary from yapping about my buying that box of cook books. (*Holds the money out to* MAC)

MAC. You'll do nothing of the kind.

JIM. I can use it; it's worth it to me.

MAC. (*They meet* C.) Take the book and read it, lad, and don't be talkin' nonsense!

JIM. (*Forcing the money into* MAC'S *hand*) Aw, go on and take it. It'll make Mary feel better and I'll feel better too, and if I want the five-twenty-five back again I can borrow it from you. (*Both laugh*)

MAC. Ye can that, lad. (*Crosses and puts money in cash drawer*)

JIM. (*Over to box of books*) Well, I guess I'd better get back to my "two-by four". Gee, it's getting on my nerves writing thrillers of travel and adventure and never getting any further from New York than Jersey City. (*Both laugh*) But some day I'm going to strike it rich—(*Crosses and puts his arm affectionately about* MAC)—and then I guess we'll see the world, eh, Mac?

MAC. (*Throws his arm around Jim's shoulder*) Of course! You'll get there, lad, ye have a rare talent.

JIM. Rare! That's the word—unbaked as yet. (*Goes up stage to* C. *door*)

MAC. How about your novel, Jim? Have ye heard from Scribner's?

JIM. Oh, Gee! Have I heard! (*Down to* R. *of* MAC) It's back from Scribner's a week ago and on its travels again. That book has been going back and forth like that for months. I tell you, Mac, the United States Post-office is being supported by that book of mine. (*Both laugh*)

MAC. Don't lose your courage, Jim, it's a great work.

JIM. Oh, they can't down me. Somebody's going to take it some day. It's being improved by travel. (*Both laugh.* JIM *starts for door,*—MAC *up to counter then comes down to* L. *door, opens it and sings*) Farewell, Annie Laurie. Think over that book proposition.

MARY. (*Off stage* L.) Mind your own business, Jim Anderson!

JIM. Sure, it's a sharp tongue, but a good heart, has Mary. See you later, Mac. (*Exits up the stairs and off* R. *taking book with him*)

(MAC *crosses to* R. *of desk, picks up a book and sits reading as* BRENT *enters.* MAC *rises as he hears the door open.*)

BRENT. (*Enters* C.) Good afternoon.

MAC. Good afternoon.

BRENT. Is this MacTavish and Company?

MAC. Aye, I'm MacTavish. The Company is in the room beyond.

BRENT. You bought a box of books at the Carleton auction yesterday.

MAC. Eh?

BRENT. Didn't you buy a box of books at the Carleton auction yesterday?

MAC. Yes, but——

BRENT. Where is it?

MAC. (*Points to box* R.) Why, that's the box, but——

BRENT. (*Crossing to box* R.) Fine! That's great! Well, I want to buy it back.

MAC. Eh?

BRENT. I want to buy it back. How much do you want for it?

MAC. Well, I'll have to consult the Company, sir.

BRENT. Please hurry, I haven't any time to waste.

MAC. One moment, sir. (*Goes to door* L. *and calls*) Mary! Mary!

MARY. (*Off stage* L.) Yes, Granddaddy?

MAC. Here's a gentleman wants to talk to you about the books from the Carleton auction.

MARY. (*Enters* L.) What?

MAC. (*As* MARY *crosses to* R. *of him*) A gentleman wants to buy the books from the Carleton auction. (*Moves* L. C.)

MARY. (*Whispers to* MAC) How much does he want to give?

MAC. (*In a whisper*) I don't know.

MARY. (*Whispers*) I'll see how much I can get. (*Motions to* MAC *to leave the room. After he exits,* L. I. *she turns to* BRENT) Yes, sir? What

about the books, sir?

BRENT. (*Turns to* MARY, *raising his hat*) I'd like to see the Company.

MARY. I'm the Company.

BRENT. You the Company! (*Laughs*) Well, well, well!

MARY. Is there anything I can do for you?

BRENT. (*Crossing to* R. *of* MARY) Yes, I want to buy the books. I'm willing to pay you more than you gave for them.

MARY. (*Hesitates*) Well, you see, sir, I haven't had time to look them over yet. (*Crosses to box of books*)

BRENT. I'll give you ten dollars for the lot (MARY *looks up at him*) Ten dollars.

MARY. (*Picks up a few of the books as she talks*) It seems to be a very valuable collection of cook books. Of course we bought them sight-unseen, but I'm not sure it was a bad bargain. You see, I'm thinking of compiling a book of old-fashioned recipes from them, such as "THINGS that Father Used to Make" and "What Mother Used to Eat" and all that sort of thing.

BRENT. I'll give you fifteen dollars for it.

MARY. (*Drops the books and goes to* R. *of* BRENT) Well, if they're worth fifteen to you, they may be worth more to us.

BRENT. It isn't worth a cent to you; it's just trash. It's a matter of sentiment with me. You see, Henry C. Carleton was my uncle, and today I found a letter with a request that I should not sell any of his books, particularly those that were stored in the attic. Naturally, I feel bound to respect his wishes.

MARY. Oh, I see! Well, of course I wouldn't want to stand between a man and his duty. Now I might sell the box for—twenty dollars—(BRENT

takes two bills from a big roll)—but, of course that would be bad business on my part, not having looked them over.

BRENT. Don't, you're only wasting time.

MARY. Now, thirty dollars—(BRENT *counts off three tens*)—would hardly compensate me for losing the chance of publishing the cook book.

BRENT. Well, what will you take for it?

MARY. Fo—fi—six—(*Sneezes*) Seventy dollars.

BRENT. (*Hands her seventy dollars*) You're a pretty fine little business woman, all right, but I want those books, and I'm in a hurry, so I'll go you.

MARY. Thank you, sir. (*Crosses to* L. BRENT *going to box of books*) Where'll we send the box?

BRENT. I'll take it with me. I've got a taxi here.

MARY. Fine! That'll save you seventy-five cents.

BRENT. You're of a saving disposition, aren't you? (*Piles the books into the box*) They're all here, I suppose?

MARY. Of course. They've never been touched except by our clerk who began to unpack them. (*As* BRENT *lifts the box*) Do you need any help?

BRENT. No, thanks. I don't want anybody to touch this box but myself. (*Turns up toward* C. *door*) I suppose if I asked you to open that door you'd think the job was worth about a hundred dollars, wouldn't you?

MARY. No, indeed, I'd do it for much less. (*Opens* C. *door*)

BRENT. You surprise me! (*Goes up* C.) Good-bye! (*Exits* C.)

MARY. Good-bye! (*Runs* L. *and calls excitedly*) Granddaddy! Granddaddy! Come here, quick! (*Runs up to* C. *door and calls up the stairs*) Call again, sir! (MAC *enters and comes to* L. C. MARY *dances over to him*) Look, Granddady, real money!

Feel it! Look, Granddaddy!

MAC. You sold the books back?

MARY. I did, and made sixty-four dollars and seventy-five cents. Look, seventy dollars. (*Counts the money into* MAC's *hands*)

MAC. Seventy dollars! Jim'll be pleased.

MARY. (*Takes the money from him*) Jim, indeed! But you're not to tell him. (*Crosses to* L. *and puts money in drawer; going back of counter*) He'd be crowing over me and he'd do the same thing over again.

MAC. Seventy dollars! Did ye tell the man about the book Jim took away wi' him?

MARY. Book? What book?

MAC. One he got out of the box. Something about buried treasure. He's taken it to help out on a story—(MARY *goes quickly up to* C. *door, back of counter*)—he has to get out today for the Press Syndicate.

MARY. He had no business to take it. (*Runs up the stairs and calls*) Mister! Mister! (*Comes back into the shop*) That man has gotten clean away! That's too bad of Jim, he's made me cheat him. I told the man that all the books were there. Now, a profit in the way of business is all right, but no one can ever say that MacTavish and Company ever misrepresented anything.

MAC. (C.) Not with my little girl at the head of it. Aye, ye do drive a hard bargain sometimes. I canna get over it! Seventy dollars for that box of old books!

MARY. Yes, and he would have paid more, too. I never saw anyone so anxious. Granddaddy, I think I've been a bit too hasty.

MAC. Mary, Mary, ye ought to be satisfied wi' what ye've made. Jim's right, you're awful Scotch, lass.

MARY. I should have examined every one of those books. There's no doubt but there was some rare edition among them and that man knew it.

MAC. Do ye think so?

MARY. It stands to reason he wouldn't have paid seventy dollars unless it was worth a lot more. (*Crosses to* R. *picks up wrapping paper or string*)

MAC. I wonder. (*Goes* L.)

MARIAN. (*Enters from stairs and comes* C.) Good afternoon.

MARY. (R.) Good afternoon.

MAC. (L.) Good afternoon.

MARIAN. (*To* MAC) I came to enquire about a box of books that you bought at the Carleton auction.

MAC. That's strange.

MARY. (*Warningly*) Granddaddy, please!

MAC. Oh, yes!

MARY. You want to buy the books back?

MARIAN. Yes. You see, old Mr. Carleton was a—a connection of mine, and after his estate was settled up we found a note from him asking us not to dispose of any of his books, particularly those that were stored in the attic.

MARY. Oh, I see! Mr. Carleton had a number of relatives, didn't he?

MARIAN. No, no one but me. Well, only a grandson. (*To* MAC) Now I want to buy that box of books back. It was of no value, but——

MAC. Yes, but——

MARY. Granddaddy, please!

MAC. Oh, yes! (*Turns* L.)

MARY. Well, I'm sorry, but I just sold that box of books to his grandson, or nephew, or whatever he is.

MARIAN. You sold the box!

MARY. Yes.

MARIAN. But I'm sure he couldn't have gotten

here before me. I left him at home. (*After looking at* MAC *and* MARY) Was he a thin, smooth-faced man with glasses?

MARY. No, he was a big, heavy set man with a big round face.

MARIAN. I knew that man was coming after those books. Oh, you've made an awful mistake! I—Oh, dear—! (*Goes up to* C. *door*)

MARY. One moment. Can you give me the gentleman's name and address? I'd like to send him a book which was left out of the box.

MARIAN. (*Comes down* C.) A book left out?

MAC. Yes, something about buried treasure, it was, or something——

MARY. Granddaddy, please!

MAC. Oh, yes!

MARIAN. (*To* MARY) I'll take it to him, if you like.

MARY. I'm sorry, but I can't do that because I haven't the book here just now. Our—clerk took it home to read.

MAC. But, Mary——

MARIAN. (*Looks suspiciously from one to the other*) I don't believe it! You're both deceiving me! You've got it here. You want to keep it, but you shan't, you understand! I'm going to have it.

MARY. You're not going to have it. It's the property of the man who bought the books and you'd better mind what you're saying.

MAC. Mary! Mary!

MARY. Granddaddy, I don't mean to be rude.

MARIAN. I beg your pardon, but you don't know what this means to me.

MARY. When our clerk returns the book I'll send it to the gentleman if you'll give me his name and address.

MARIAN. But I don't know his name and address.

MARY. Why, you just said you'd take the book to him.

MARIAN. Oh, I'm so upset I don't know what I'm saying. But, please, please don't do anything about that book until I get back. You won't, will you? I'll be right back. (*Up to* C. *door*) If you'll just wait till I return—I'll be right back. (*Exits* C.)

MARY. (*Over* L. *to* MAC) Well, what do you think of that, Granddaddy?

MAC. I don't know, I'm sure. (*Sits* R. *of* L. *table*)

MAC. Two people so very anxious to buy that old box of books!

MARY. Those books must be very very valuable.

JIM. (*Rushes wildly down the stairs and comes to* C. *with a book in his hands.* MAC *rises.* MARY *goes up and closes the door, then sits again on chest* R.) MacTavish! MacTavish and Company, we're rich! We're rich! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Spanish doubloons! Flagons and chests and boxes of gold! Diamonds! rubies and emeralds!

MARY. (*Comes down* R. *after closing the door*) Jim Anderson, have you gone out of your mind?

JIM. Oh, go away, Mary, you're too cool and calm for this business. (MARY *sits on chest down* R.) MacTavish and I will have it out together. Mac, our dream has come true. We're rich! We'll see the world! It's all here—here in this book. (*Over toward* MARY) Mary, you shall have a hawser of pearls and a peck of Kohinoors.

MARY. Take off your bonnet, the bees are stinging you.

JIM. Oh, I knew you'd throw cold water. I was hoping you'd be out.

MAC. But what is it, lad? What's it all about?

JIM. It's this book, MAC. It's the chance of a lifetime, and it comes at the psychological moment. You've got to move from this shop, so I invite you to take your capital and finance an expedition to find the lost treasure of the Jesuit monks of Chiquaqua, Mexico.

MARY. (*Laughing*) It's a fine invitation, Granddaddy, and if it fails you can enlist in the army down there.

JIM. The treasure isn't down there, it's on Cape Cod—to where it was removed in—(*Opens the book and reads*)—"in 1770 by Emilio Gonzales, an adventurer from Spain." It's all here, MacTavish, millions in bullion.

MARY. Billion? In the soup, you mean, don't you?

JIM. Jibe away, but wait. Here's a letter I found pasted in the back of the book, and a chart. Listen:—(*Reads*) "To my heirs: If you have regarded my request, you will find in this little book the key to a fortune which needs only patience and perseverence to attain. This book is an account of the various expeditions which have set forth to discover the buried treasure of the Jesuit monks who were driven from Mexico in 1770—(*Mumbles several words rapidly*) "That don't make any difference. (*Continues reading*)—"by the rebellion of that year. The manuscript pages added are by my friend Emilio Gonzales, who discovered and transported the treasure from the banks of the Rio Verde to the shores of Cape Cod"—(*To* MARY) Yah! (*Continues*) "where he buried them."

MARY. What did he bury them for? Why didn't he keep them?

JIM. It's all explained here. He couldn't—he was a patriot. He had to go back and fight for

Mexico. He left this book and the chart with old Carleton. He was killed in the war. Here's the chart and the directions. Listen:—(*Reads*) "Where T. was buried. (*Stands on one leg as he spreads the chart out*) "Where two sailors were killed defending T." Isn't that thrilling!

MARY. Thrilling! But why didn't Mr. Carleton go after it?

JIM. Carleton couldn't. He was an invalid for years. He had a lot of money. He—(MARY *laughs*) Oh, well, he didn't go after it, that's all there is to it.

MARY. Ha! a likely story! It's all a mess of fiction.

JIM. Mary, I tell you it isn't fiction. I've read books about it. I've even written stories about it myself. (MARY *laughs*) I wouldn't have your lack of imagination for anything in the world!

MARY. The roof of an air castle doesn't keep out the rain.

JIM. Is that so! (*Takes book* L. *and examines it*)

MAC. (*Crosses to* MARY) But, Mary, lass, there may be something to it, else why were those others so anxious to get the book back?

JIM. What others? Who? (*Crosses to* L. *of* MAC)

MAC. There was a gentleman and a lady——

MARY. Let me look at the book. (*Crosses and tries to get the book from* JIM)

JIM. (*Putting the book behind him*) I will not! I bought it. It belongs to me—to MacTavish and me.

MARY. Granddaddy, please make him give it to me.

MAC. (R. C.) Oh, let her look at it, Jim, she has more sense than the both of us.

JIM. Speak for yourself. (*Gives the book to* MARY, *who goes to* L. *of desk, sits and examines it*) I tell you, Mac, it's the truth! I feel it. I know it! It's the chance of a life time! Oh, if only I had the money to go after it! I'll get it, too! I'll form a company. I'll let you in on it, Mac. You get half, understand? Think, Mac, millions in bullion! Gold plate! Jeweled cups and flagons!

MAC. Does it specify all that, lad?

JIM. No, but I dont' have to have things down in black and white. I've got imagination. You know what those old geezers were. Why Mexico was rotten with riches in those days and those old ducks——

MAC. Are ye speakin' of the priests, lad?

JIM. Yes. They were nuts on collecting jewels and gold and all that sort of thing. Why, the robes of one of their giddy old saints was sprinkled with rubies and junk. Stiff! Stand alone.

MAC. What! Stand all alone!

JIM. I know that for a fact, and I wrote a story about it myself. You know that treasure is there, don't you?

MAC. Uh huh!

JIM. They can't have disappeared off the face of the earth. They can't have been destroyed, can they? Rubies, gold, diamonds! Indestructable! Indestructable! And there they lie on the sands of Cape Cod—(*Points* R. MAC *turns and looks*)—almost a stone's throw from New York, and you won't stir hand or foot to go after them. No, you'll let Mary throw cold water on the whole scheme.

MARY. Look here! If there is anything in this, when you find the treasure it won't belong to you.

JIM. I'd like to know why?

MARY. It would belong to the Church.

JIM. (*Goes* L. *to desk*) Well, I won't give it to the Church. It's ridiculous! It's been hundreds of years! It's outlawed.

MARY. Jim Anderson, you haven't an honest bone in your body.

JIM. Yes, I have. Anyway, if we discovered that the Church really had a claim on it, we could still demand salvage.

MAC. Salvage?

JIM. Sure, that's the law. We would be entitled to salvage. Old man Carleton estimates there's the value of ten millions of dollars in treasure up there. We'd demand half.

MARY. Half! They won't give you a half—nor an eighth.

JIM. I won't take less than a half. I won't take an eighth.

MAC. Do ye think they'll give a quarter?

JIM. Not on your life! We'll hold out for a half.

MAC. You shouldna be so graspin'.

JIM. Mac, do you realize what you're talking about? A quarter! Why, that's only two and a half millions! Well, all right, suppose we do take it? That would be a million apiece for you and me and five hundred thousand for Mary.

MARY. (*Rises*) And MacTavish and Company putting up all the money!

JIM. Well, all right, then. I'll make it seven hundred and fifty thousand for you and you can take it out of my share.

MAC. No, no, Jim, she can take it out of mine.

JIM. Now, Mac, there you go again!

MAC. Jim, I insist that she take it out of my share.

JIM. No, she'll take it out of mine.

MARY. Nothing of the kind. We share and

share alike.

JIM. (*Over to table* L.) You don't mean to say you're on, Mary! That you're going!

MARY. Going? Where?

JIM. To Cape Cod.

MARY. My dear child, I was only arguing what we would do if this ridiculous book had a grain of truth in it. Going? Of course not! (MARY *and* JIM *both* L. *quarrel ad lib until* BRENT *enters*)

BRENT. (*Enters* C. *and comes down to* R. *of* JIM) Now look here, you, look here! (JIM *turns to him*) What do you mean by trying to take me in! What do you mean by—it! I bought that box of books as it was when you got it from the auction and you'd no business to take any of them out. What have you done with them? What have you done with the other books?

JIM. How do you do!

BRENT. How do you do!

JIM. Are you talking to me?

BRENT. No, I'm talking to her. (*Indicates* MARY)

JIM. Well, what the devil do you mean by addressing a lady in such a fashion!

MARY. You keep out of this, Jim, I'm equal to it! (*Crosses to* BRENT, *stamping her foot*) How dare you talk like that! How dare you!

MAC. Now, Mary, don't lose your temper.

MARY. (*Crossing* R. *to* MAC) Now wait a minute, Granddaddy, I——

MARIAN. (*Comes quickly down the stairs and* L. *of* BRENT) Ah, I was watching you from across the street. I knew you'd come back when you found the book missing. I knew what you were up to when you enquired about those books this morning, but I'm not going to let you get away with it.

BRENT. You want to get away with it yourself,

do you?

MARIAN. Never mind what I want, you're not going to get that book.

BRENT. I want you to keep out of this!

MARIAN. I won't keep out of it! That book is just as much mine as it is yours. (*Ad lib. quarrel between the two*)

BRENT. Wait a minute, wait a minute! Look here, we're getting up a lot of excitement over a mere trifle.

MARY. (R.) I presume all this excitement is about the book of buried treasure?

BRENT. Ah, you've read it?

MARY. No.

JIM. I have. I bought it.

BRENT. Oh, you bought it?

JIM. Yes.

BRENT. And you've read it?

JIM. Yes.

BRENT. Between this young lady and me, I don't doubt but that you think the book is of some value.

JIM. I know darn well it's of some value.

BRENT. Well, I'll be frank with you. You know who Mr. Carleton was?

JIM. Yes.

MAC. Oh yes, Henry C. Carleton. He was a grand writer, was Mr. Carleton. We've a number of his books here.

BRENT. Well, I'll show you how ridiculous the whole thing is. You see, it was a hobby of his collecting traditions about this supposed lost treasure, and he left a sort of reward, so to speak, to the one who would complete the work. He wanted a romance, a sort of novel, written with the material he'd collected.

JIM. If he wanted romance you were the right one to go to.

BRENT. Yes, so I thought, but it seems that this young lady, who was old Mr. Carleton's secretary, has set her heart on doing the work. (*To* MARIAN) Don't you think, my dear young lady, that we'd better go into this thing together and share the reward?

MARIAN. (*Evidently not wanting to agree with* BRENT, *and yet not wanting to give anything away to the others*) I—I——

JIM. That's not true! (*Crosses to* R. C.) They haven't any right to it. It's just a cock and bull story invented between them. They're both crooked.

MARIAN. (*To* JIM) Oh, how can you!

JIM. (*Softening*) Oh, I didn't mean you. You're all right; anybody can see that.

MARY. Hm! Well, I can't see it.

BRENT. I'm not going to waste any more time talking. I bought that book and I'm going to have it.

JIM. (*Crossing to* BRENT L.) I bought it. It's mine.

BRENT. You're a couple of crooks, that's what you are!

JIM. What do you mean?

MARY. Oh, we are, are we! (*Crosses to* L. *desk and gets the book*) Well, I was going to give you this book in spite of the fact that Mr. Anderson bought it, but I won't now. (*Hides the book behind her*)

BRENT. Give me that book! (*Grabs the book from* MARY *and runs toward door* C. JIM *intercepts him. The two struggle for the possession of the book.* BRENT *fires it downstage.* MARY *picks is up and tries to give it to* MAC, *but* MARIAN *gets it and rushes off* C. *and up the stairs.* BRENT *rushes out after her.* JIM *jumps up from the floor, where he has been thrown in the fight, and flies out after*

the two. All are talking and shouting ad lib. A moment later JIM *comes flying back into the shop*)

MAC. Did you get the book?

JIM. No, of course I didn't get it. They jumped into a taxi and got away. If I'd had that 5.25 I could have gone after them. What did you want to show them the book for? Now you'll admit what we've done! (*Paces angrily up and down* R.)

MARY. (*Excitedly up and down* L.) You would have given it to that baby-faced girl, anyway. I saw you weakening.

JIM. I tell you they haven't any right to it. That money doesn't belong to them. That money belongs to the Church . It's religious money and it's a damn shame to let them get away with it.

MAC. (R. C.) Never mind, lad, don't fash yourself about it. I'm thinking it was true what they said—just a book of old traditions the old man was gettin' up. I've seen the like mania before.

MARY. No, Granddaddy, I agree with Jim.

JIM. Oh, you agree with me now, do you!

MARY. Yes, I do. They wouldn't have been so anxious for that book if it weren't valuable. And they were trying to cheat each other at first, that's plain.

JIM. You shouldn't have given it up. The book was mine. I paid 525 for it, too, if you want to know.

MARY. Well, I'll put a blue mark on the ledger to celebrate the event of your buying a book—and I'll give you your 525 back.

JIM. Oh, hang the 525.

MARY. I dare say you need it.

JIM. (*Over to* R. *of her*) Look here, young lady, if you don't stop being so sassy to me I'll—kiss you.

MARY. If you kiss me I'll scratch your eyes out!

JIM. You will, eh? (*Kisses her*)

MARY. I'll never speak to you again as long as I live!

JIM. You won't, eh? (*Takes her in his arms and kisses her again. She turns from him, crying*) Aw, can't you take a joke?

MARY. Joke! Joke! (*Goes to* MAC *and buries her head on his shoulder*)

MAC. There, there, child, he was only foolin'.

MARY. I'll never speak to him again as long as I live! (JIM *laughs*) I won't! I won't! (*Crosses and sits* L. *of desk*)

JIM. Not speak to me! You couldn't resist it! I'll bet you don't stick it out a day.

MARY. Is that so! Well, we'll see!

JIM. You're speaking to me now!

MARY. I'm not! Granddaddy, make him stop! (*Both quarrel ad lib until* CARLETON *enters. As* JIM *turns to* MARY *he bumps into* CARLETON. *He looks at him a moment, then goes over* R.)

CARLETON. (*Enters and comes down* R. C.) Dear me, dear me! (*Sprays his handkerchief with an atomiser*) What an unsanitary place! Books from all sorts of out-of-the way places! Whew! Full of germs and dust!

MARY. (*Crosses to* L. *of* CARLETON) I don't think you'll find much dust here, sir. I go over the books twice a week.

CARLETON. You should sterilize them.

MARY. Well, if you've come to see about selling some, sir, I'll be very careful about those.

CARLETON. Oh, I haven't come to sell. (*Takes a powder from wallet in his pocket*) Would you mind if I burned one of these fumigating powders?

MARY. I most certainly should.

CARLETON. (*As* MARY *wipes her eyes*) Pardon me, but are you in grief?

MARY. (*As* JIM *laughs*) No. I have a cold.

CARLETON. It is well known that old books are active agents in spreading contagion.

MARY. Have you any business with us?

CARLETON. Well, yes, I have. My name is Carleton, William Carleton. My grandfather—this is MacTavish and Company, isn't it?

MAC. (R. C.) Aye, I'm MacTavish. (*Indicates* MARY) This is the Company.

MARY. (*As* CARLETON *looks at her*) Yes.

CARLETON. Dear me! Well, they tell me that you bought a box of books at the auction of my grandfather's affects yesterday. It was a box of books that were stored in the attic. Now, attics are terrible breeding places for germs of all kinds—horrible, poisonous creatures. It has been proven by statistics that——

MAC. Yes, but how about the books, sir?

JIM. Yes, what about the books?

MARY. Let me get this straight. You found a letter of instructions from your grandfather telling you not to dispose of any of the books, particularly those that were stored in the attic, didn't you?

CARLETON. Why, how could you know that?

MARY. Your cousin, or uncle, or whatever he was, was just here with the same story.

CARLETON. But I have no relatives. I am the sole surviving member of the Carleton family!

JIM. Oh, I see!

CARLETON. You see, my grandfather left me everything he possessed with the sole provision that I obey the instructions contained in a letter which was to be opened after his death, and the particular instructions were that I was not to sell any of his books.

JIM. What was the idea?

CARLETON. Well, I think he knew that I'd dis-

pose of that box of books in the attic. Why, I would no more have breathed the accumulated store of dust in that attic than I would have jumped from the Times Building, and I wouldn't jump from the Times Building for—well, I wouldn't jump from the Times Building for — well, I wouldn't jump from the Times Building.

MAC. Yes, yes, but what about the books?

CARLETON. Well, among the books there was one, partly manuscript, about buried treasure. I'd like to get that book back.

JIM. (*Crossing to* L. *of* MARY) Mary, this is the genuine heir, I feel it.

MARY. (*Turns* L. *to* MAC) Granddaddy, will you please tell the gentleman on my right that if he has anything to say he will communicate it through you?

CARLETON. I beg your pardon!

JIM. (*To* CARLETON.) That's all right, she means me. (*Goes* R.)

MAC. (*Over to* R. *of* CARLETON) Yo you really believe there is anything in this story of buried treasure?

CARLETON. Oh, there must be something in it. It's been understood in the family that my grandfather possessed some such secret.

JIM. Do you know what's happened? She sold the books just half an hour ago.

CARLETON. (*To* MARY) You sold them?

MARY. Yes.

CARLETON. Dear me, that's too bad! Well, well! (*Starts upstage* C.)

JIM. (*Brings* CARLETON *downstage*) You're not going to give up like that, are you? Say, you ought to follow that crook up.

CARLETON. How can I follow him up? I haven't any idea who he is.

MARY. Well, you know the girl, don't you? He said she was old Mr. Carleton's secretary.

(*Flash.*)

CARLETON. What, Miss Fenton! Was she small, pretty and dark and very beautiful?

MARY. No!

JIM. Yes!

MARY. No!

JIM. Yes. What about her?

CARLETON. Why, I can't believe that Miss Fenton would——

MAC. Did the young lady know about the treasure book?

CARLETON. Why, yes. It was she and I who found the letter about it this morning when we were clearing out my grandfather's desk.

JIM. Well, she slipped one over on you.

CARLETON. Oh, yes, she was very much attached to me. In fact, we were provisionally engaged to be married.

MARY. Mr. Carleton, I'm afraid those people with that man and they've got the book.

CARLETON. In a taxi! With a man! Dear me! What was he like?

JIM. A great big fellow, heavy set, smooth face.

(*Ready lights.*)

CARLETON. Why, that sounds like a man who called at the house this morning enquiring about my grandfather's books. He had a long talk with Miss Fenton and she seemed much disturbed.

JIM. They've cooked up a scheme together to get that treasure book away from you.

CARLETON. Dear me, dear me! Well, well! That's too bad. (*Stars up c.*)

JIM. (*Brings* CARLETON *downstage* C. *again*) Say, wait a minute! You're not to give up like that, are you?

CARLETON. What would you do about it?

JIM. I'd follow them up and get the book back.

CARLETON. But you see I—er— have no money to speak of. If I don't hold on to the book and spend at least a year looking for the treasure I'm to lose all the rest of my grandfather's fortune.

JIM. Oh, so that's the joker!

MARY. Wait a minute. I have an idea! Mr. Carleton, your grandfather was a man of brains. If he said there was buried treasure on Cape Cod, I believe him.

JIM. So do I.

MARY. (*To* CARLETON) Now then; if we financed you to follow up these people and go after the treasure, would you share with us?

(*Warning.*)

CARLETON. Do you mean that you'll go with me and help me find the treasure?

MARY. Yes, we'll all of us go.

CARLETON. And you'll finance the expedition?

MARY. Yes.

CARLETON. By Jove, I'll do it!

MARY. Fine!

JIM. That's the stuff!

MAC. But where'll we get the money from?

MARY. Granddaddy, we've got one hundred dollars in the bank and seventy dollars in the cash drawer from the man who bought the books.

JIM. That'll get us up there.

MAC. But how about the business?

MARY. We'll retire from it temporarily.

JIM. (*Crosses to* MARY *and grasps her hands*) Mary, that's a great scheme! (*He holds her hands until she speaks*)

MARY. (*Crosses to* MAC) Granddaddy, there's a certain person who said I had no imagination. We'll show him whether I have or not. We've got a month in which to move. This shop closes tonight. We'll give two weeks to the search for this buried treasure, and if we don't find it we'll come back with nothing lost but a hundred and seventy dollars and two weeks' business.

CARLETON. Splendid!

JIM. Oh, Mac, we can't do it. They've got the manuscript and chart.

MARY. And did you think I believed that man's story? (*To* CARLETON) They may have the book, but I had the good sense to take out the manuscript and the chart!

JIM. Oh, Mac, she's a little Scotch wonder!

CARLETON. A thousand thanks. What shall we do first?

(*Shades. Lights down.*)

JIM. 'Ssh! Wait a minute! Mary, light that candle. (MARY *lights the candle and places it on chest*) Carleton, pull over that trunk. (CARLETON *drags the chest to* C.) Mac, draw down that shade. (*He pulls down the shade over the door, while* MAC *draws down other shade. The stage is in darkness except for the light of the candle.* JIM *puts the chart on the chest and all kneel around it*) Nobody must see this chart but ourselves.

MARY. (*Tracing words on chart*) First it says you "go to Swampset."

JIM. And then we go to the Bush farm.

MAC. Then you come to an apple orchard.

CARLETON. And then a big rock.

MARY. That must be the rock.

CARLETON. "Where T. is buried."

JIM. "T". That means treasure. "Where two sailors were killed defending T."

ALL. (*In a loud whisper*) "Where two sailors were killed defending T."

Curtain.

ACT TWO.

SCENE:—*The scene is laid at the back of an old farmhouse on Cape Cod in the midst of an old apple orchard. This orchard is dug up as far back as one can see. At* L. *of the house is the stage.* R. U. *is an old weather beaten shanty. Below the shanty is a rain barrel. A path goes across stage from* R. U. *to* L. U.

DISCOVERED:—*As the Curtain rises* JIM *is vigorously wielding a pick at hole* C., MARY *is digging at a hole up* R., MACTAVISH *is digging up* L. *and* CARLETON *is working at a hole downstage* L.

CARLETON. (*Picks up a handful of soil and examines it*) This is very rich soil.

ALL. 'Sssh!

JIM. For the love of Mike, Carleton, dig!

CARLETON. (*Resentfully*) I only stopped for a moment. I think after you've driven me for two days with my extremities doubled up in the earth I'm entitled to straighten up and get the kinks out of my back.

JIM. It's all your fault that we have to dig like this, isn't it? We've dug up the whole place

except that one little patch out there, and it's all your fault. If you hadn't lost that chart——

MAC. (*Up* L.) Now, now, Jim, don't begin on that again. You know Mr. Carleton didna' lose the chart purposely.

CARLETON. I didn't lose the chart. I tell you my wallet must have been taken from my pocket at the barber's. And I had a dozen of those fumigating powders in it, too.

JIM. To hell with your fumigating powders!

MARY. (*Comes down* R. C.) Ji—Granddaddy. Will you speak to Mr. Anderson?

JIM. I beg your pardon, but it gets my goat. Here he's lost something worth ten millions of dollars and all he thinks of is his damn——

MARY. Granddaddy!

JIM. His fumigating powders! (*To* MARY) You shouldn't have left him in charge of it in the first place.

MARY. (*Crosses downstage to* CARLETON) Mr. Carleton, the chart was yours. I though it only right that you should have it. (*Goes upstage* R.)

CARLETON. Well, I can't see that the loss is irreparable. We've found the place. All we've got to do is to keep excavating.

JIM. We found it! I hope you don't take any credit to yourself for that.

CARLETON. Do you know I don't believe this orchard is the original one. Statistics show that owing to the action of parasitical fungi——

JIM. Oh, hire a hall, Carleton, we've got to work!

CARLETON. It's all very well for you, Anderson, you can work with enthusiasm. You haven't had the woman of your heart turn against you. Miss Fenton was the kindest, cleverest——

MAC. (*In hole upstage* L.) Who's Miss Fenton?

JIM. He means his grandfather's secretary; the

one who came into the shop that day for the books. (MARY *drops her spade.* JIM *picks it up for her.* CARLETON *sighs*)

MARY. Mr. Carleton, I sympathize with you. I know how it feels when a person you are fond of disappoints you. (*Look between her and* JIM)

JIM. She hasn't spoken to me in over a week, has she, Mac?

MAC. (*Coming downstage* C.) Children, children, this diggin' is getting on your nerves. You're getting quarrelsome.

MARY. Granddaddy, I'm not getting quarrelsome, it's Jim. (*Ad lib quarrel between* MARY *and* JIM)

MAC. Mary dear, will you no' speak to the lad?

MARY. No!

JIM. **Now, you see! She's the** stubborn one She won't give in. (*Ad lib between the two*)

MAC. Children, children, your verses. (*Recites the first two lines, then* MARY *and* JIM *finish*)

"The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining
So let us turn our clouds about
And always wear them inside out
To show the lining."

(MARY *and* MAC *go back to their former places*)

JIM. You know darn well she hasn't spoken to me, and it's a rotten shame. (*To* CARLETON) What are you looking at? Go on and dig! (*Throws a shovelful of earth at* CARLETON) We're getting slack, terribly slack.

MARY. Slack! I'll leave it to you, Granddaddy, if we don't do most of the digging while Ji—I mean, Mr. Anderson, does all the talking.

JIM. Well, I have to. There's got to be a leader here, and I tell you right now that if you don't follow my instructions our landlady is going to get wise to what we're digging for. We can fool the old man, but she's nobody's innocent lamb.

MAC. It's late in life for me to learn to be a play actor, Jim.

JIM. Oh, I don't mean you, Mac, it's Mary and Carleton. They don't put any ginger into this geology business.

CARLETON. Why, it was I who suggested the subterfuge.

JIM. Yes, and then you let it flop. Look at the words I've coined trying to convince them I'm a scientist. Why, I've almost convinced myself.

MARY. (*Comes down to* R. *of* JIM) You know, I don't think our landlady is—(*Catches herself and crosses to* R. *of* CARLETON) I don't think our landlady is the worst we have to fear. There's that nosey constable always hanging around watching us.

CARLETON. That's what I say. What is he watching us for?

MARY. Then there are those men we saw surveying. What are they doing here?

JIM. I've got a hunch they've found the chart.

MAC. (*Comes down* L.) Do you think so?

JIM. Sure, Mac.

MARY. Granddaddy, I think we ought to buy this place and warn everybody off.

MAC. But we have no money to buy anything, child. You know MacTavish and Company spent its last dollar financing this wild expedition.

JIM. You won't say that when you get the treasure, Mac.

MARY. I have the two thousand dollars my mother left me.

CARLETON. Yes, but they want twenty-five hundred for the place.

MARY. (*To* CARLETON) I think I could get it for two thousand cash.

MAC. Now, Mary, I've let you children have your way about comin' here, and a wild expedition

it is, but I'll no' stand by and see you spend the last penny ye have in the world on such worthless proposition as this farm.

MARY. It's my own money. My mother left it to me to do exactly what I like with it.

LUELLA. (*Inside the house*) For the land's sake, Lem, go on outside. I don't want you hanging onto my apron strings all day.

LEM. (*Inside house*) All right, Luelly!

JIM. Ssh! Geologize! (*He jumps into hole, picks up a handful of earth and pretends to be examining it*)

MARY. (*Runs upstage* R., *jumps into hole and picks up handful of earth*) Granddaddy! Geologize!

MAC. (*Has gone upstage* L.) Eh?

MARY. Geologize!

MAC. Oh, yes! (*All pick up handfuls of earth and stand examining them as* LEM *enters* L.)

LEM. (*Enters from house and stands on porch*) Seems to me geologizin's mighty wearin' business. Glad I wasn't eddicated to it. (*Comes down to* L. *of* JIM) Found any val'able specimens yet? (MAC *crosses upstage and down* R. *to corn crib and sits*)

JIM. Good morning, my good man! Well, we've found a little stratified cosmoditious and a few uniform perciflages, but otherwise we haven't made much progress here. We are thinking of pursuing our investigations in the next amphibious section. (CARLETON *laughs.* JIM *looks angrily at him, then gathers up a few stones as if to throw them at him*)

LEM. My, my! Funny how a feller kin live in a place all his life and not know what he's a stepping' on. (*Goes upstage* R. U. *to shanty for his scythe*) I don't see why you folks always stop diggin' when I come 'round. You pay good for the privileges and it don't hurt me none to see you work.

LUELLA. (*Enters from house and stands on the porch with a glass of wine and a napkin in her hand*) No, that's the last thing ever hurts you, Lem Bush, settin' round and watchin' other folks work. You been busy at it ever since we was married.

LEM. What you want to do, Luelly, make a show of me?

LUELLA. A show of you! Wisht I could. I'd set you up on a platform and label you the laziest man on earth. Maybe that way you'd bring in some money. (*Comes down from the porch and crosses to* MAC R. CARLETON *crosses over to* MARY *up* R.) Here, Mr. MacTavish, I brought you out this glass of elderberry wine. I can't abide to see you work so hard in this heat.

MAC. That's verra kind, Mrs. Bush, thank you. It is warm.

LUELLA. Yes, it is humid. Here, I'll take your dirt?

MAC. Oh yes, thank you. (*Hands her the earth and takes the glass of wine.* LUELLA *crosses to* L.)

JIM. Ah, MacTavish, it's a talkin' way ye have wi' the ladies. Nobody ever brings me coolin' drink.

LUELLA. Well, young man, I guess the way you work your tongue keeps your mouth from gettin' dry. (MARY *laughs and comes downstage* R. LEM *sits at grindstone*)

MAC. (*Crosses to* LUELLA *and hands her the wine-glass*) Thank you, Mrs. Bush, that was verra refreshin'. (*Starts up* L.)

LUELLA. Don't mention it. Here's your dirt.

MAC. Eh?

LUELLA. Your dirt—your geology specimen. (*Hands him the earth. Then wipes glass with napkin*) Old Mr. Henry used to like that wine, too,

Mr. MacTavish. You do remind me so of him.

MAC. Who was this old Mr. Henry ye speak of so often? I've been much interested in the books he left there in the shanty.

LUELLA. Oh, he was just an old gentleman who used to come up here to board every summer. He put up that little shanty for himself. Had some queer notion of sleepin' with his windows wide open, so of course we couldn't have him in the house. (LEM *goes into corn crib with scythe*)

JIM. Of course not!

LUELLA. He used to go diggin' around jest like you people.

ALL. (*Rushing over to* LUELLA) What! Digging around! What do you mean?

LUELLA. (*Jumps nervously*) Mercy! What do you mean, hatchin' me up like that! You folks has got awful startlin' ways.

JIM. This fellow, this old man—you say he was a geologist too?

LUELLA. I don't know nothin' about that, but I do know that many a night I seen old Mr. Henry out with a lantern diggin' around. (LEM *enters from corn crib*)

CARLETON. Mr. Henry?

LEM. Henry was his first name. (*All rush over to* LEM) He give it us when he first come and jest stuck to it.

LUELLA. Lem, he told you not to tell that.

LEM. Oh, what's the difference; poor old feller's dead now. He was a writin' man and was up here for peace and quiet. (*To* CARLETON) I was goin' to ask you before if he was any relation of yours. Has the same name as you—Carleton, it was, Henry C. Carleton.

MAC. What, Henry C. Carleton! These must be his books. Well, well! (*Goes into shanty. Gets a book and sits in the chair reading*)

CARLETON. Why, it must have been my grandfather. He never would tell us where he went in the summer.

MARY *and* JIM. 'Sh!

LUELLA. (*To* CARLETON) My land, your GRANDFATHER! YOU, Mr. Henry's grandson. (CARLETON *grins*) And him so good lookin' and sensible! (LEM *sits on sack down* R.)

MARY. (*Crossing over to* LUELLA) You say he used to dig in this place, what for? (JIM *and* CARLETON *follow* MARY *over* L.)

LUELLA. Well, of course he didn't dig so energetic as you folks do. Jest used to patter around in his favorite spots.

JIM. (*Pushing* MARY *aside*) Where? How? What do you mean, favorite spots?

LUELLA. Oh, jest here and there.

LEM. His up and dyin' was an awful disappointment to us. He was goin' to buy this farm.

ALL. Buy it!

LUELLA. (*Jumps nervously*) My land, you got me so nervous I'm all of a twitter! Yes, buy it! He writ us last year to have the deed drawned up and we done it. Lem and me signed the papers, and there they are now a layin' in my sideboard drawer awaitin' the hand that is gone and the voice that is stilled. (*Sniffs and wipes her nose with the napkin*)

CARLETON. (C.) Well, if my grandfather wanted to buy this place, that confirms——

MARY *and* JIM. 'Sh!

LUELLA. (*Startled*) My God, don't do that! What's the matter with you folks!

JIM. Nothing, Mrs. Bush. Did you say he wanted to buy this farm?

LUELLA. Ain't no doubt he did want to buy it, but I reckon that was too good luck to happen to me. I guess I'll have to go drudgin' along—

(*Gives* LEM *a sour look*)—Draggin' Lem after me till I drop in my tracks. (*Starts for house*)

LEM. Oh, women is always lookin' for trouble.

LUELLA. (*As she goes up the steps*) Ha! I didn't have to look for no trouble. I found mine when I married you. (*Exits into house* L.)

JIM. (*Rushes over to* LEM, MARY *and* CARLETON *following*) See here, Mr. Bush, we can make it worth your while if you can show us where old Carleton used to dig.

LEM. He done his diggin' mostly at night when I was asleep, and when I sleep I pay attention to it. (MARY *and* JIM *go upstage looking for holes*) Come to think of it, you are some like the old gentleman. He drunk and washed in rain water, he did, 'fraid of ketchin' things from our well just like you. We had to put up that rain barrel for him. (*Points to barrel up* R.)

CARLETON. Indeed!

JIM. Mac! Mary, come here! Carleton! (*All gather about* JIM, *down* L.) Listen! Old Mr. Carleton used to dig around here—(*They put their heads together and talk in undertones*)

SAM. (*Enters thru gate* C. *from* L. *and comes to up* C.) Mornin', city folks. (All *jump at the sound of his voice, and return to their former digging places. Business of* SAM *following them,* LEM *rises as* SAM *enters*)

LEM. (*Up* R. C.) My time, Constable, you here again! (SAM *clears his throat, signalling* LEM *to keep quiet*)

JIM. Good morning, Mr. Constable. So we're going to have the pleasure of your society again today? (*Pretend to be examining something he picks out of hole*)

SAM. (L.) Oh, I dunno. Thought I'd jest have a look in——

LEM. Well, my land, three times you been out

here this week and never a visit from you all winter before.

SAM. Hm! (*Signals frantically to* LEM *to keep quiet, then comes down to* L. *of* JIM) What kind of a jigger have you got there?

JIM. That isn't a jigger, my friend. That's a gazibiator.

SAM. What's a gazibiator?

JIM. Family of gazosas. (*Rises, taking his pick with him*) Now, if you kind people will excuse us we'll retire to the next strata and endeavor to find the ding fiddle de hoot nanny that retaliates on his animal. Come, Carleton, come, Mary! (*Exits* R. SAM *stands eyeing* CARLETON *suspiciously as the latter sneaks off* R. *and off*)

MARY. Come, granddaddy!

MAC. Eh?

MARY. We'll need your advice on this, Granddaddy. (*Exits* R.)

MAC. (*Looks vaguely around at* LEM *and* SAM, *then picks up a handful of earth and starts* R.) Oh, yes! (*Exits* R.)

LEM. (*To* SAM *as he comes down* R. C.) I wisht you'd tell me what you're a watchin' 'em for?

SAM. Ain't heard the news, hev you?

LEM. What news?

SAM. They's been a burglary over at the Swampset Savings Bank.

LEM. No!

SAM. Yep.

LEM. Why ain't you on the job?

SAM. The authorities ain't askin' their own constable what's what. Sent to Bostin' for detectives, they hev.

LEM. Well, Sam, I wouldn't stand for it. Tain't fair; special after you jailin' them chicken thieves last spring.

SAM. Yes, an' two drunks and disorderlies this winter. But I ain't saying nothing. I guess I'll give them Boston detectives a surprise. (*Sneaks up* C.)

LEM. (*Crosses to* L.) What you gonner do?

SAM. (*Back to* LEM) Lem, I hate to gin you a shock, but the burglars of the Swampset Savings Bank is a playin' round in your back yard this very minute.

LEM. What, them geologizers!

SAM. Geologizers nothin! Lem, if my suspicions is kerrect—an' they generally be—them people ain't only thieves, they's murderers and worse.

(*Ready horn.*)

LEM. Look here, Sam, look here! You ain't goin' to arrest them on my premises.

SAM. There's two thousand dollars reward in this, and if you help me you get ha—ha—a third. Now there's nothin' for you to get nervous about. I'll attend to the arrestin' when it comes. All I want you to do is to keep your eyes open, 'cause I gotter have proof.

LEM. Oh, you ain't got no proof.

SAM. I got circumstantial evidence, but that don't hold in law. What I want is proof, ironbound proof, I don't want to make no mistakes. (*Sneaks up* R. *looks off, then comes back to* LEM)

LEM. What do you mean—you got circumstantial evidence?

SAM. These here people comes to Swampset three days ago and afore they come to you they put up at the Grand Hotel.

LEM. Yes?

SAM. Well, the gal and the old man set on the porch of the hotel all day, but the young feller and

Carleton jes' hung around the Post Office and the barber shop askin' fool questions about the property hereabouts and pretendin' to look up title deeds in the Court House, but what they was really doin', Lem, was lookin' fer a hidin' place.

LEM. My time!

SAM. Now here comes the worst! Long about noon the first day Anderson goes up to the bank bold as brass and asked to be shown a safe deposit vault and the biggest box they had. He talked good so Meecham took him down and showed him the whole place, and all Anderson did was to say that "mebbe he'd be wantin' a couple of boxes in a day or two."

LEM. Did he calkerlate to hide the loot from the bank in their own vaults?

SAM. Can't ye see through it? He didn't want no box—he only wanted to git a look around.

LEM. I see!

SAM. I had a reason independent of their queer doin's for thinkin'—them folks was up to something criminal. I was waitin' for it and it come. Last night the burglary was did. (*Sneaks up* R., *looks off, then comes back to* LEM)

LEM. By Caesar! (SAM *falls into* C. *hole*) Anderson did go to town last night.

SAM. Don't tell me, I seen him.

LEM. He said they lost something in the barber shop and he was goin' to inquire if it had been found.

SAM. I should say he did lost something in the barber shop, and I found it. An' what I found is my original reason for suspicionin' 'em! (*Goes up* L. *looks around, then comes back to* LEM)

LEM. What were it?

SAM. This. (*Takes* CARLETON'S *wallet from his pocket*) That there Carleton's wallet.

LEM. My time, Sam, you didn't steal it off of him!

SAM. I had a right. I been readin' in the New York papers about Mr. Burns tappin' the telephone wires to get evidence, an' they was actin' suspicious and I had a right to collect evidence. His coat was a hangin' over my head in the barber shop an' this was a-stickin' out so that a little jiggle brought it down. (*Opens the wallet and shows the fumigating powders*) What do you make of this? Lots of little powders done up in papers and marked as plain as day, "Poison"!

LEM. Poison!

SAM. Wait, there's worse to come. (*Takes out the chart*) Here's a map, or something, and be hanged if they haven't had the impidence to keep count of where they buried their victims.

LEM. Victims!

SAM. 'Sh! Look a here. (*Reads from the chart*) "Where two sailors was killed defending T." (*Looks cautiously off* R.) And here. "Where T. is buried."

LEM. T. My time, do you suppose it could be Thompson what disappeared last spring?

SAM. I don't know who it means, but they've buried a feller and killed a couple of sailors, that's enough to hang 'em for life. Now, Lem, they're going to bury that money out there alongside their victims and I got to see them doin' it.

LEM. (*Runs up* L.) Luelly!

SAM. (*Runs up* R. *with horn*) 'Sh! Don't say a word to Luelly or she'll let out a screech an' then we'll all be murdered. (*Starts* R.) I'm going to do a little snoopin' around. (*Exits* R. *Auto horn*)

LEM. (*Starts for house* L., *then as auto horn is heard off* L. *he runs up to gate, looks off, then turns* R. *and calls*) Sam! Sam! Come back here, Sam.

SAM. (*Enters* R.) What's that?

LEM. It's a ottymobile. They's a stranger gettin' out. Well, he ain't goin' to git in here. (*Starts for the house* L.)

SAM. Be keerful what you say. Mebbe he's one of them detectives fellers. Better let me do the talkin'.

BRENT. (*Entrs thru gate* C. *Grip*) Good morning, gentlemen.

SAM. Good morning.

BRENT. (*Looks around at the holes*) Ah, ha! (*Comes down* L. *then cross to* R., *and finally goes to* C. *hole and looks in.* SAM *moves to* L.) Well!

SAM. (*To* LEM) Think it's a well. (*Crosses to* R. C.)

BRENT. (*To* LEM) I was told that I could get board here. (SAM *signals to* LEM *not to answer, then drops down* R. BRENT *moves down to* L. *of* SAM) You take boarders, don't you?

SAM. Well, Luelly Bush takes boarders some, but I reckon her house is full.

BRENT. Full? (*Grip with B on it* BRENT)

SAM. (*Goes upstage* R. *and speaks to* LEM *who is on the porch*) Go on in, Lem, and see if Luelly will take him. (*Pantomimes to* LEM *to keep his mouth shut, then comes down to* L. *of* BRENT. LEM *exits into the house*) Now look here young feller. Let's get down to business.

BRENT. Business?

SAM. (*Jumps in front of* BRENT *to* R. *of him*) You're from Bostin, ain't you?

BRENT. No, I'm from New York.

SAM. Oh, I see! New York, eh? Well' you're a follerin' three fellers and a gal, ain't you?

BRENT. How did you know that? Well, I don't mind admitting that I am.

SAM. I knew it.

BRENT. See here, if I can't get board here I can make it worth your while to keep an eye on

these people.

SAM. Who, me? I'm on the ground first, Mister, and I'm working for myself.

BRENT. Working for yourself? They haven't told you—say, what do you know about it?

SAM. Nobody has to tell me nothin'. I got reasons, I hev, an' I know who you are, too. I git las' picture. Shaved off your moustache, ain't you? Sunday's papers every livin' week, and I seen your You can't fool me! And I seen the B on your valise, too. I wasn't born yistiddy.

BRENT. Say, who do you think I am?

SAM. I know who you be! Your Detective Burns.

BRENT. Burns! Ha, ha, ha!

SAM. Yes, an' I know why you're here, too. Guess you was born yistiddy. Yer ain't heard nothin' about the bank burglary, hev you?

BRENT. No, what burglary?

LUELLA. (*Enters from house, followed by* LEM, *who stays on porch.* LUELLA *comes downstairs* L.) Oh, how do you do. (*Sees* SAM) My land. Sam, you out here again!

SAM. Yes, Luelly—I—(*Puts his fingers to his lips warningly*)

BRENT. (*To* LUELLA) Is that Mrs. Bush?

LUELLA. Yes, Mrs. Bush.

BRENT. I was told at the Grand Hotel that you took boarders.

LUELLA. Usually; but I guess my house is full just now.

BRENT. (*Lays grip* R. *of him*) Well, couldn't you accommodate me for a little while? (*Turns and see* SAM *pantomiming to* LUELLA) Say, you keep out of this. (*Picks up his bag and crosses to* LUELLA) I want to get a room here. (LEM *comes down from porch and goes upstage* L.)

LUELLA. (*Crossing to* SAM, R.) I'd like to know what you got to say about it, Sam Dicken. If Tanney's Corners is goin' to be a fashionable resort, I ain't got nothin' against it. (*To* BRENT) I only got a little attic room left.

BRENT. I'll look at it, if I may.

LUELLA. Certainly. Step right in.

BRENT. What's the idea of all this excavating?

LUELLA. That's my other boarders. They're kinda scientific in their tastes. They're geologizers.

BRENT. Geologizers! (*Laughs*) That's good! Geologizers! (*Laughs and exits into the house.* LUELLA *follows him up to the steps*)

LEM. (*Comes down stage* L. *laughing*) Well, I don't blame him for laughing. It's the darndest fool thing I ever heard of.

LUELLA. (*On porch*) Lem, you let them hens out and feed 'em.

LEM. But I ain't had my dinner yet.

LUELLA. Neither has the hens, an' they lay eggs to earn theirs.

LEM. (*Coming down* L. C.) Sufferin' Moses! Expectin' me to lay eggs with all my other work!

SAM. (*Crosses to* R. *of* LEM) Look here, Lem, we're up against it. That feller is a detective, a New York detective. I got to git back to town for a body warrant and some fellers to help me. Now, you got to be my depety in case they try to get away while I'm gone. Here, I'll leave you have the loan of my badge. (*Takes off his badge and pins it on* LEM'S *vest*) I got to swear you in. Hold up your right hand. (LEM *holds up his hand*) Take off your hat. (LEM *takes off his hat*) You solemnly swear to protect the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, so help you God?

LEM. I do.

SAM. So be it. Now, that detective feller ain't

got no more proof than me. He's come here to watch 'em—that you gotter do, Lem, is to watch him, an' if he dasts lay a hand on any one of 'em, you put in a prior claim, see?

LEM. I see. If he tries to take 'em, I'll take 'em first.

SAM. You're some deputy! Now, for God's sake, don't lose the badge. And remember, if you jest sit tight and wait till I git back you git one fourth of the reward. (*Exits thru gate and off* L. LEM *sneaks off* R. U.)

(JIM *and* MARY *sneak on from* R. *Carrying pick and spade.*)

JIM. It's all right, Mary, they've gone. We can get back to work. Let's dig. Remember what she said about old Mr. Carleton digging around here in the night with a lantern? I'll bet you this is the spot. Let's get busy. (*Comes to* C. MARY *to* R. C.) Where's Mac and Carleton? (MARY *points off* R.) Oh! You were right about that Constable watching us. (*No reply from* MARY) I say you were right about the Constable—he is watching us. Say, Mary, are you going to keep this up all the time? (MARY *nods*) Aren't you ever going to speak to me again? (MARY *shakes her head*) Not even if I apologize? (MARY *shakes her head*) Listen! I'm sorry I kissed you that day in the shop. I'll take it right back now. (MARY *throws a shovelful of earth in the air and gets some of it in her eyes*) What's the matter, got something in your eye? Serves you right for not speaking to me. (MARY *gives him a tiny handkerchief. He looks at it, laughs, gives it back to her, takes out a large bandanna handkerchief from his own pocket and starts to remove the dirt from her eye.* MARY *turns her face up as if waiting to be kissed.* JIM *is so confused at her*

nearness, that he covers her mouth with a corner of his handkerchief, she proceeds to get the speck out of her eye) Now listen, Mary, you've got to talk to me some day. Some day I'll say, "Will you marry me?" and you'll have to say "I will" (MARY *stamps her foot*) Well, you will. And, by the way, when we're married you're not the one who's going to wear those. (*Points to her knickers*) That's MY job. Oh, I didn't mean that. Aren't you ever going to speak to me again? Well, will you learn this stuff if I teach it to you? (*Deaf and dumb alphabet*) Just think of it, Mary! Here we are—rich at last—ten millions under our feet—and how are we going to enjoy it unless we speak to each other? You know, Mary, there's lots of things I want to say to you, but I can't because I'm afraid of getting serious. You know what I mean? When I think of having my novel taken and making money or ever getting ahead, it's only for one reason. (*Business. He tries to kiss her. She shakes her head and points off* L. *and tries to make him look. He finally understands. Looks off* L. *and sees* GREYSON) Oh, the surveyors! I'll bet they've got our chart. Let's watch them. Go in that house. Sh! (*They both tiptoe into house up* R.)

GREYSON. (*Enters* C. *from* L. *looks at hole* C., *then goes to gate and calls*) Come on, boys! (*Comes downstage followed by 2 surveyors. One stays up* L. *the other comes down* L.) Look here, they're digging up the whole place. What the devil are they after? Well, what do you know about that, eh? Now get through here as quickly as you can. I don't want them to see us if we can help it. Remember, mum's the word.

BROWN. They certainly have been tearing things up around here. Look at the size of that hole. (*Looks into hole down* L.)

GREYSON. Well, if you see anybody don't ask

any questions and don't answer any. Remember, we've got to pull this thing off quietly. (MARY *and* JIM *enter from house* R. U. *They stand and motion to* CARLETON *and* MAC *off* R. LEM *enters from down* R. CARLETON *and* MAC *enter from* R. *and work over to their former digging places*)

BROWN. What'll we say if these people want to know what we're surveying for?

GREYSON. You leave that to me. That's the reason I came along; I can jolly them.

JIM. (*Is now down* R. C. *with* MARY) Hello!

GREYSON. (*Turns*) Hello!

JIM. What are you fellows surveying for ?

GREYSON. (L. C.) Oh, just exercise.

JIM. I suppose you think you're the comic column of this town, don't you?

LEM. (*Down* R.) Hello, Mr. Greyson!

GREYSON. Hello, Bush.

MARY. (*Over to* LEM) Mr. Bush, you've got to tell these men to get off this place.

LEM. Mr, Greyson, what are you doin' here?

MAC. (*Has crossed to* GREEN, *who is upstage near* L. *hole*) Pardon me, my man, but I'm workin' here. This is my hole. (CARLETON *comes down* L. *to* BROWN, *who turns and stares at him. Then exits* R. *with tripod, followed by* GREEN. BROWN *re-enters and stands over* R.)

JIM. (*To* LEM) You've got to put these fellows off. We've paid for the privilege of digging here.

LEM. This is Mr. Greyson. He's a mighty important man round here.

JIM. I don't care who he is, he's got to get off, if they won't go peacefully we'll throw them off.

(BRENT *enters and stands on porch.*)

MARY. Yes, and I'll help.

CARLETON. Dear me, a scuffle! No, Anderson!

MAC. (*Comes downstage* C.) Now, now, Jim, one moment! (*To* GREYSON) Would you mind telling us, Mr. Greyson, what you're surveying for?

GREYSON. Well, my friend, you don't own the place, do you?

MAC. No, but we've sort o' rented it for a time.

GREYSON. Hm! Is that right, Bush?

LEM. Yep, they rented it.

JIM. And we've got a right to know what you're doing here.

MARY. Indeed we have!

GREYSON. What are you people digging the whole place up for?

JIM. That's our affair.

MARY. Yes, that's our affair.

GREYSON. Everyone is entitled to his own little secret, eh? Well, what we're doing is our affair.

BRENT. (*On porch*) And what you're all doing I'm going to make my affair.

JIM. YOU!

MARY. That man again!

GREYSON. Who the devil are you?

MAC. It's the man who bought the books.

CARLETON. (*Moves toward porch*) What have you done with Miss Fenton?

JIM. You can't stay on this place.

BRENT. I don't see how you'll prevent me, Captain Kidd. I've just secured a room here.

MARY. Mrs. Bush rented all her rooms to us.

GREYSON. Say, what have you got here, a lot of lunatics?

JIM. You'll soon find out whether we're a bunch of lunatics or not. I'm on to you and your pretended surveying. You've found our chart.

MARY. That's what I think.

(MAC *goes up* C.)

BRENT. Well, you stole the chart from me in the first place.

JIM. You're another! I bought it.

GREYSON. What the devil are you talking about?

JIM. You'll find out what we're talking about—(*Looks in* GREYSON'S *pocket for the chart*) and if you keep lost property you're no better than a thief.

MARY. Yes, that's right, you're a thief

MAC. Children, childern, you'll be sent up for libel.

GREYSON. (*To* JIM) See here, nobody can call me a thief and get away with it.

JIM. All right, come, come on; I'm just aching to lick some one. (*Goes for* GREYSON. MAC *and* CARLETON *drag him over* L.)

MARY. Yes, and he can do it, too. (*Pummels* GREYSON *and shoves him over* R. BROWN *grabs* GREYSON *and pulls him away from* MARY. *Ad lib quarrel until* MARIAN *enters*)

MARIAN. (*Rushes on thru gate and comes down* C. *from* L.) Wait! Wait! (*Points to* BRENT) Has that man bought this place? Has he bought it?

CARLETON. (*Goes to* L. *of* MARIAN) Miss Fenton!

MARIAN. (*Over to* BRENT) You thought you'd given me the slip, didn't you? (*Turns to* CARLETON) William, this man is going to buy this place and put you off. He told me so.

BRENT. (*Down* L.) So you've been working for him and pretending to be my friend.

MARIAN. William, you remember the man who came to inquire about the books that day Well,

that is the man. I saw at once what he was after.

MARY. (C.) Oh, so that's why you came to the shop for the books?

MARIAN. Yes. (*To* CARLETON) I couldn't wait for you, William, and I've followed him ever since. I've had an awful time.

BRENT. No worse than I have. She stuck like a burr.

CARLETON. (*To* MARIAN) You went off on a journey with a stranger!

MARIAN. But, William, you don't understand. (*Both go upstage* C.)

MARY. (*To* BRENT) I'm going to see Mrs. Bush. She's got to put you off this place. Granddaddy, don't you let anybody touch anything till I get back. I'll settle this. (*Runs into house*)

GREYSON. (*Crosses to* R. *of* BRENT) Look here, it seems that we've butted into some sort of a family row. I don't mean to be curious, but I would like to know if the young lady is right when she says you intend buying this place.

BRENT. I don't know that this is your affair.

GRAYSON. Well, it is my affair, Boys. (*Ad lib until* SAM *enters*)

SAM. (*Enters from* C. *followed by two men, who stay up* R. SAM *comes running down* R. C.) See here, what's going on here!

JIM. (L. C.) You're going on! We've had enough of your spying around.

BRENT. (*Crossing to* C.) Look here, Anderson, I want you——

SAM. No, you don't want him, neither. I got first call. Here's my badge—(*Flips his coat open, finds the badge gone, then turns and throws* LEM'S *vest open*) No, here it is. (*Holds up a warrant*) And here's my warrant. Mr. Anderson, I arrest you on suspicion of burglarizin' the Swampset Sav-

ings Bank.

ALL. WHAT!

BRENT. Now, see here!

SAM. (*To* BRENT) And I don't keer if you are Burns, you ain't goin' to git no reward. Hands off! (*Blows a police whistle, the two men come down* R.) He's my prisoner. Fellers, seize him. (*The two men grab* JIM)

MAC. (*Comes down* L. C.) You canna arrest our Jim.

SAM. You keep out of this.

JIM. Here, wait a minute, let's have some reason in that. What do you mean by calling that man Burns?

SAM. I mean what I say. He's detective Burns and he's come to apprehend you as a thief, but I got ahead of him.

CARLETON. (L. C.) He's no more Burns than I am.

SAM. Be keerful what you say, young fellow, it'll be took down and manufactured as evidence against you. (*Crosses to* CARLETON *and pulls out the wallet*) Ever see this before?

CARLETON. Why, that's my wallet? Where did you——

SAM. You got brass to own it—well, you kin came along, too. (*Grabs* CARLETON) Poisonin' and murder's jest as much in my line as a bank robbery.

CARLETON. Poison! Murder! What do you mean?

SAM. Never mind what I mean, you come along.

CARLETON. Where?

SAM. To jail, that's where.

CARLETON. Who, me? I! In a dirty filthy jail.

SAM. (*Grabs* CARLETON *by the collar*) My but you're getting fussy, ain't you Well you kin come along with this feller.

MAC. If ye take our Jim you've got to take me, too.

SAM. I don't believ you're in it, you're too old.

MAC. Whatever he's in, I'm in.

SAM. What, murders and all?

ALL. Murders!

SAM. Yes, murders. I got it all down here in black and white. (*Takes out chart and reads*) "Where T. is buried. Where two sailors was killed defendin' T."

CARLETON. Why, that's our chart!

JIM *and* MARY. 'Sh!

SAM. Chart?

CARLETON. Yes; showing where the buried treasure lies.

ALL. Buried treasure!

JIM. Shut up, Carleton!

CARLETON. (*Crossing to* C.) If you think I'm going to be quiet and go to any dirty, filthy jail, you're much mistaken. There's ten millions of dollars here on Tanneys Corners and that chart tells you where to dig for it. (*All spring for the chart, which* SAM *holds, and in the struggle each one gets a piece of the paper*)

ALL. (*Reading from their pieces*) "Apple orchard—three paces to right—count ten steps—where T. is buried—turn to right!"

JIM. Here, here, you people, that's our chart. (*All scramble around for picks, talking ad lib*)

SAM. Here stop it, stop it! Am I constable or am I not? (*The hub bub ceases*) Are you all gone crazy! I'll arrest the whole lot of you in a minute! Stop it, I say! (*Pauses, with his hand to his forehead*) Wait a minute, I got to think. There used to be talk of pirates landin' on this coast.

LEM. Sure they did. I'm a goin' to dig.

ALL. So am I. (*All scramble around stage look-*

ing for places to dig)

SAM. Stop it, stop it! Look here, I'm going to give you people a chance to prove you're treasure seekers, and if we find anything we share equal.

JIM. (L. C.) Share nothing! Not on your life!

CARLETON. (L.) I'll agree. I'm not going to jail.

GREYSON. I think you're all crazy, but if there's anything to this, I'm in it.

SAM. Have you got a piece of the chart?

GREYSON. Sure thing!

SAM. Then you're in it. There's ten millions here.

JIM. Yes, ten millions. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll agree to share, providing you let me piece the chart together and do the dividing.

SAM. All right, we kin watch you. Surrender up your pieces, fellers. (*All bring their pieces to* SAM.) Now, Lem, get something to lay 'em on.

LEM. I got it! Old Mr Henry's rum barrell, that'll do. (*All rush up* R. BROWN *runs to barrel, and rolls it up* C. *back of grindstone*)

JIM. (*As he rushes upstage he falls into hole up* R.) Hey, what's this hole! Gee, there's something hard in there! I feel it! Wait, I swear there's something there.

(*The men take picks and start digging*)

SAM. We share even.

JIM. (*As the men dig*) That's the stuff, dig! There's something there. A rope! Get hold of it! Come on, everybody! (*Two men get hold of rope and pull*) Now lift! Again! It's coming! We've got it. (*The box is drawn up and brought downstage. All fall on the box, talking excitedly*) For heaven's sake, get up! Nobody's going to be left out! There's ten millions in there and there's

enough for everybody! Everyone will get his share.

LEM. (*Sprawling over the box*) Is the treasure all in money?

JIM. No, jeweled cups and flagons! Barrels and chests of gold! There must be other boxes, dozens of them! (*All jump*) Wait, let's open this one first——

MARY. (*Appears on porch, leveling a gun at people on stage*) Now then, everybody but MacTavish and Company clear off! I've just bought this place. (LUELLA *follows* MARY *on and stands at of her*)

ALL. WHAT!

MARY. Everybody but MacTavish and Company clear off!

LUELLA. Yes, here's the agreement.

JIM. It's too late, Mary, we've agreed to share and share alike.

MARY. Share what?

JIM. The treasure. Look, we've found it. We've found the treasure. (MARY *throws the rifle on the ground and jumps down to* L. *of him.* LUELLA *comes downstage* L. GRAYSON *grabs a pick.* JIM *gets it from him, after a tussle*) Wait a minute! Stand back! We're all here, nobody's going to be left out. I'm going to open this box and I'm going to take out what's in it, so stand back! (*Breaks the lock on the box. Two men pry the cover loose and it falls backward toward the audience*)

ALL. Oh!

JIM. Stand back! (*Takes a letter from the box*) It's a letter!

LEM. I'll bet it's a check for ten millions of dollarge.

LUELLA. (*To* MARY) And I sold you the farm for two thousand dollars!

JIM. (*Reading inscription on envelope*) "For

Mr. William Carleton." Why, Carleton, it's for you.

CARLETON. (*Crosses and takes the envelope*) It's my grandfather's handwriting.

JIM. Open it and read it.

CARLETON. (*Opens letter and reads*) "Dear William: The Carleton family has been a great family from the time its progenitors landed and settled here on Cape Cod——

LEM. MY, was you Cape Codders?

ALL. Go on and read it.

CARLETON. "On Cape Cod to the present time, when you, as the last of the family, should inherit the estate now concentrated in New York, and also the treasure which you will find buried here."

ALL. Yes, yes, go on!

CARLETON. "Now, you, my dear grandson, have been a dreadful disappointment to me, but I hope to renew in you some strain of the Carleton blood. If you have followed the instructions I am sure you have dug this farm from end to end."

ALL. Yes, yes!

CARLETON. "I trust that you will now be better fitted to enjoy the treasure which you have found here—good health, fresh air, honest work—which is all the treasure that lies buried in these neglected fields." (*All stand dumbfounded*)

MARY. (*Takes the letter and reads*) "Good health, fresh air, honest work, which is all the treasure that lies buried in these neglected fields."

JIM. Oh, Mac, it's all my fault! I've made you lose everything!

MAC. Dinna lose your courage, children. Remember your verses. (*Recites*)

"The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining."

JIM *and* MARY. (*With their hands pressed against* MAC, *his arms about their shoulders*)

"I therefore turn the clouds about
And always wear them inside out
To show the lining."

Curtain.

ACT III.

LIGHTS:—*Down—up— at rise.*

SCENE:—*The old bookstore; a week later.*
Music at rise

The shop is closed and dark. The tables of books are covered with dust sheets. A hurdy gurdy is playing "Home, Sweet Home" off stage as the curtain rises.

A moment after the Curtain rises one hears a key in the front door. The door opens, letting in a brilliant flood of light, and disclosing MAC, MARY *and* JIM, *travel-worn and dispirited, and loaded down with luggage. They come in silently. One feels the contrast between their "down-and-out" feelings and the gay music outside.*

(*Enter* JIM, MARY *and* MAC.)

MAC *goes wearily to* R. *of* L. *desk and drops into a chair.* JIM *leaves his suitcase by* C. *door.* MARY *picks up* MAC'S *suitcase and exits into room* L. *She re-enters a few moments later without her coat and hat.*

JIM. (*Runs up the shades and is looking at a row of milk bottles on the coping outside the win-*

dow) You forgot to stop the milk. There's a whole row on the coping. (*Goes outside and brings in two bottles. To* MARY *who enters from room* L.) You forgot to stop the milk. (MARY *takes the bottles from* JIM, *puts them on* L. *desk and begins to pull the coverings from table up* L. JIM *stands uncomfortably for a moment, then picks up his suitcase and starts for door* C.) Well, I guess I'd better be getting along.

MARY. I'll have some coffee ready in a moment, Granddaddy.

MAC. She means for you to stay, lad.

JIM. (*Goes* C. *to* MARY *and helps her fold one of the sheets*) I know, Mac, it's all my fault.

MAC. No, no, lad! (MARY *comes down to* MAC. *Takes off his hat and helps him on with his house jacket.*)

JIM. (*Still holding the sheet awkwardly in his hands*) If I'd listened to Mary I'd never have bought the books in the first place.

(MARY *picks up the two bottles of milk and exits room* L.)

MAC. The blame's mine. I taught ye the love of auctions, lad.

JIM. That's right, Mac, always blame yourself. I suppose there's no use cryin' about it, but Gee! It makes me feel rotten, Mac! (MARY *enters from* L. *with tobacco jar and pipe. She puts the jar on the desk and hands* MAC *the pipe*)

MAC. What, smoke in the shop, Mary! I thought ye didna like it.

MARY. There'll be no one in the shop so early, Granddaddy. (*Then crosses and takes the cover from* JIM *and exits* L.)

MAC. See if there's anything in the mail box,

Jim.

JIM. (*Goes outside, takes a letter and postal card from the mail box, re-enters and brings them down to* MAC) A letter and a postal card. (*Crosses to* R. *as* MARY *enters from* L. *As* MAC *sits staring, as if in a daze*) In your hand, Mac. (*Points to the mail*)

MAC. (*Reads the postal card*) "Why pay rent when you can own your own home? (MARY *goes upstage* C. *This strikes them all as funny and they start laughing, quietly at first, then almost hysterically.* MAC'S *laugh dies abruptly in a groan*)

MARY. (*Runs down to* MAC *and kneels beside him*) Granddaddy, Granddaddy! Oh, my dearie dear, don't you think I know what it means for you to lose your home after all these years!

JIM. (*Crossing to* L. C.) And you shan't lose it! This business was beginning to pick up since Mary came back—and I've still got my job, haven't I?

MAC. Don't mind me, children. It was funny. It made me laugh, too. That card and—and our home-coming and all that.

MARY. Oh, you're just tired out. (*Rises and goes up to* C. *door*) I must have been mad to let you work so hard! And all for nothing.

MAC. Well, it's good to be back in the old shop. How long have we now, Mary, before——

MARY. We've still two weeks, Granddaddy, to look for a new place—and move.

MAC. It'll have to be something small and cheap, Mary.

MARY. Yes, very small—and very cheap.

JIM. I know what's the matter with us—we need something to eat. (*Comes to* C.)

MARY. There isn't a thing in the house, Granddaddy.

JIM. I'll hustle around and get some chops and things. I'll be back in a jiffy. Oh, Mary! (*Motions her to door* C. *feeling around in his pockets—in a low tone to* MARY, *as she goes to him*) Mary, got a nickel? (*Down to* MAC) Now, Mac, don't you be down in the mouth. Everything will turn out all right. I'll stop at my place and get my mail. Maybe I've sold my novel—or somebody may have left me a million. You never can tell what's going to happen. (*Goes up to* C. *door*)

MAC. A million!

JIM. Remember, Mac, every silver lining has a— (*Stalls, shakes his head sadly and exits* C. *toward* R.)

MAC. (*Rises and goes up to door*) He's a good lad. (*Closes the door and comes down* L. C.)

MARY. Yes, he is; and you're good, too. (*Comes down to* R. *of him*) You never reproached me for buying that old farm.

MAC. She wouldn't take it back?

MARY. No. You are fond of me, aren't you, Granddaddy?

MAC. Fond? Ah, that's no' the word, lass.

MARY. I'm afraid I've always been a little too self-willed.

MAC. It was your money, lass. Ye had a right to spend it. (*Puts his arm about her lovingly*) An' if ye've found any little faults in your character maybe ye haven't missed the treasure after all.

MARY. You know, Granddaddy, I wouldn't have stuck it out—about not speaking to Jim—but I just couldn't give in. I'm not really stubborn, but I like to have my own way.

MAC. That makes most of the trouble in the world, lass, folks wantin' their own way.

MARY. (*After a pause, she throws her arms about his neck, trying to cheer him up. He kisses*

her on both cheeks) Don't you mind, Granddaddy, everything will turn out all right. Why don't you read your other letter, Granddaddy? (*Turns* R. *takes cloth from chest, puts it up* R. *and then comes down to* R. *of* MAC.)

MAC. Oh, yes! Perhaps it's something that will cheer up us. (*Opens the letter and reads it silently*)

MARY. What is it? (MAC *hands her the letter*) From Larrabee. (*Reads*) "MacTavish and Company, Dear Sirs:—This is to notify you that as I have an applicant for the shop, I must know by return mail if you wish to renew the lease at the increased rent. I took the liberty of showing the shop while you were away." (*Pause*) Granddaddy, that man had no right to come here. He gave us a month in which to decide.

MAC. Well, lass, you know we told him we couldna pay the increased rent. I think he had the right to show the old place. (*Moves upstage* L.)

MARY. Just think, Granddaddy, with the money I wasted buying that worthless farm we could have lived here forever.

JIM. (*Enters* C. *and comes downstage* R. C. *a package containing chops in one hand, and his novel in the other; he closes the door and comes down* C.) Chops. (*Hands the chops to* MARY)

MAC. (*Comes down* L. C.) What's the matter now, Jim?

JIM. The landlady's given my room to somebody else and all my stuff is dumped out in the hall.

MAC. Well, send your things here, lad. You're welcome to your old room, isn't he, Mary?

MARY. Remember, Granddaddy, we've got to get out of here. (*Hands* JIM LARRABEE'S *letter*)

JIM. And here's my novel back again. (MARY *take the novel from him and places it on* L. *desk*)

MAC. Don't mind, Jim, some of the best novels in the world have been rejected time and time again.

JIM. And that's not the worst! I've lost my job.

MARY. Oh!

MAC. What?

JIM. Here's a prize packet I drew out of the mail. (*Hands a letter to* MAC *and turns* R.) Can't even keep a job as a penny-a-liner, syndicate's suddenly decided that my stuff is too highbrow for them. Highbrow! Hofbrau, I call it. (*Sinks dejectedly on chest* R.)

MAC. (*Over to* R.) Well, anyway, they appreciate that you do fine writin', lad.

JIM. Oh, yes, letting me down easy! I wouldn't care, but even with that work, measly as it was, I could have helped you and Mary out, but now when you needme—(*Drops his head in his hands*)

MAC. (*Consolingly*) It's lucky you're at liberty. I always said you should never have left us. Why, you're a grand salesman. You can talk anybody into anything.

JIM. Yes, I talked you into that treasure hunt, didn't I?

MARY. See here, Granddaddy. (MAC *goes to her*) I've been thinking that since we have to move we might get a small place up near Columbia College, part of a shop, maybe, and Jim—Jim could get out among the students and get them to—to patronize us—(*As* JIM *groans and buries his face in his hands,* MARY *with a little cry of pity, runs out* L. MAC *crosses to* JIM)

JIM. I beg your pardon, Mac. But I'm all in.

MAC. Of course ye are, lad, it's only natural. Come, come, in all these years I've never seen you like this before.

JIM. Mac, I had a hunch they'd take my novel

—and here it is back again. I tell you, it's no good.

MAC. Nonsense. It's a fine work. Mary and I know; we've been over every line of it with you. It's a great novel, I tell you. You mustn't lose heart.

JIM. I'm just getting wised up to myself. I've been taking life like a picnic. If I'd stayed on the job maybe I wouldn't have lost it. Treasure seeking! Letting Mary buy that place! A schoolboy would have known better than that! (*Rises and goes up* L.) Of all the boobs! I ought to be kicked from here to Jericho!

MAC. (*Following* JIM *over* L.) We all believed it, lad. It was verra convincing; the book and the chart and old Carleton's word back of it.

JIM. (*Comes down* L. *followed by* MAC) Yes, it was a fine dream while it lasted. (*Drops into chair* R. *of desk*)

MAC. (R. *of* JIM) The trouble with youth, lad, it's always lookin' to the end of the rainbow for the pot of gold. When you're old like me you'll recognize the only treasure worth seeking. It's something that puts joy into work and comfort into sorrow. A woman gives it to every soul that's born, and it's an unhappy man that has no woman to share it with him at the end of life. I mean love, lad, that's the treasure of the world—and you have it. (*As* JIM *looks up,* MAC *points into* L. *room*)

JIM. (*Rises, starts to take* MAC'S *hand, then turns away*) Oh, gee, Mac, don't get sentimental or you'll have me bawling all over the place. (*Crosses to* R.) If that's my treasure, it sure is buried deep.

MAC. It may be buried deep, lad, but, I'll tell you what I'll do-I'll go in and see if I can't dig it up for you.

JIM. Well, you certainly ought to be an expert

at digging by this time.

MAC. Expert? Expert? (*Laughs*) That's verra good! Expert! That's verra good indeed! (*Starts for* L. *door*) That's a verra good joke! (*The laugh ends in a sigh as he exits* L. JIM *crosses and throws himself in a chair up* L.)

CARLETON. (*Enters* C. *closses the door and turns to* JIM.) Good morning, James.

JIM. Hello! Where did you drop from?

CARLETON. I took the next train.

JIM. I knew you wouldn't stay up there alone.

CARLETON. Oh, indeed, positively I intend doing so, but one slight difficulty has arisen. I had no money, so I came down here to try to negotiate a loan.

JIM. And you came straight to us. That's a great idea.

CARLETON. I didn't mean that. I'll explain, if you have a moment. (*Sits on chest* L.)

JIM. What are your symptoms? (*Drops down stage* L.)

CARLETON. Well, I have wired my grandfather's lawyers that I shall obey the spirit of the communication and stay up there a year doing manual labor.

JIM. And then you took the next train back! (*Sits* R. *of* L. *desk*)

CARLETON. Only for the day. I have come to try to persuade those lawyers to give me an advance on the money I shall inherit next year.

JIM. Here? Why?

CARLETON. Well, it has troubled me excessively that it was through me Miss Mary spent all her money for that farm, and if I'm to live up there for a year I think I should pay her some slight rent.

JIM. (*Jumps up and goes* R.) Fine! That's great! Do you think you could do that? It would help a lot if you would! (*Starts for* L. *room*)

CARLETON. One moment! There is another matter on which I would like to consult you privately.

JIM. All right.

CARLETON. Did Miss Fenton say anything about me coming back on the train?

JIM. No, we didn't talk much.

CARLETON. No. I suppose not, being depressed. You see, Anderson, if I've got to stay up there a year I think—don't you think that a farmer should be a—sort of a married person?

JIM. A farmer on Cape Cod? He's entitled to a harem.

CARLETON. Oh, I shouldn't fancy that, but I should be very grateful to you if you'd sound Miss Fenton out about me.

JIM. (*Laughs*) You've given me the first laugh I've had in weeks. Why don't you sound her out yourself, you poor boob?

CARLETON. She wouldn't speak to me when she found out I suspected her of wanting to get the treasure book for mercenary purposes. I took the liberty of wiring her to meet me here today also.

JIM. Here! Who else is coming to the reception?

CARLETON. That's all. I thought you wouldn't mind telling her that it was you and Miss Mary who put the suspicion of her in my mind.

JIM. (*Over to him*) Say, look here, Carleton, you've got a glimpse of your grandfather's scheme, but you don't see the whole thing.

CARLETON. I'm willing to be enlightened.

JIM. Your grandfather was a pretty rich man, wasn't he?

CARLETON. Oh, yes.

JIM. You know what he said to himself when he came to make his will?

CARLETON. I haven't the slightest idea.

JIM. Well, he said. "It's a dog-gone shame I have to leave all this cash to William. He won't know how to spend or enjoy it. It's rotten that the good old family of Carleton will have to die out because my grandson had rather dangle a couple of microbes on the end of a test tube then dangle a couple of twins on his knees."

CARLETON. Anderson!

JIM. "By Jimminy!" the old duck said, "I'll make him the kind of a regular guy I want him to be or he doesn't get the boodle, see?"

CARLETON. My grandfather never used such language in his life.

JIM. You know, Carleton, you've gone through life in a sort of a haze. You've always let the other fellow do the hard thing for you. You're willing to let those lawyers manage your fortune any way they like. Just now you even wanted me to court your sweetheart for you. Wake up, Carleton, and get some backbone into you. Take hold! Begin to live! (*Slaps him on the back, then kicks him as he rises*)

CARLETON. (*Crosses to* C.) Don't you dare to do that to me again as long as you live!

JIM. Are you going to brace up?

CARLETON. Well, I feel dreadfully determined.

JIM. That's the stuff!

MAC. (*Enters from* L. *followed by* MARY, *who goes upstage* L.) Jim, your breakfast is—(*Sees* CARLETON, *crosses and shakes hands with him*) Why, Mr. Carleton!

CARLETON. Good morning, Mr. MacTavish.

JIM. Mac, great news! Carleton's going to pay Mary rent for the farm.

MARY. (*Runs down to* CARLETON) Oh, Mr. Carleton, how wonderful! I'd rent it for anything.

CARLETON. No, no, I shall make you an adequate payment if I can get the money from my lawyers.

MARY *and* MAC. OH!

JIM. Of course he'll get it. His lawyers are coming here to talk it over. Say, what sort of fellows are they?

CARLETON. Well, old Harvey is pretty stiff. I never met the junior. He's the one who will come here today. He may be easier to handle.

MARY. Let me talk to him.

JIM. No, let me.

MAC. I think I could put the matter up to him—

MARY. No, Granddaddy, I think you'd better keep out of this.

CARLETON. Pardon me, but I'm going to arrange it myself.

JIM. (*Slaps* CARLETON *on the back*) That's the stuff!

BRENT. (*Enters* C. *and stands grinning at them*) Well, well, well, the treasure seekers! Good morning, everybody. What's the matter? You all seem surprised to see me. (*Comes down* C.)

JIM. (*Goes* R. *and leans on table*) Well, of all the nerve!

MARY. (L. *of* BRENT) Now, see here, Mr. Whatever your name is—what do you want here now?

CARLETON. (L. *of* MARY) Look here, sir, I am a man of peace, but if you don't get out I shall be obliged to eject you forcibly.

BRENT. (R. C.) What! Why, I thought you wanted to see me. You wired me to come here this morning.

CARLETON. I wired you! I did not.

BRENT. You wired my firm.

CARLETON. Your firm!

BRENT. Oh, I forgot to tell you that I am the junior member of Harvey, Wild and Company, your grandfather's lawyers.

CARLETON. My grandfather's lawyers!

BRENT. Yes, I am George Brent, the junior member of the firm and the executor at whose direction the estate will be administered. Pardon me, my card. (*Hands his card to* CARLETON *and crosses to him*)

JIM. Good Lord!

CARLETON. Yes, George Brent, the man my grandfather trusted so much!

BRENT. The same.

CARLETON. Well, I shall inform your firm of the manner in which you have acted.

BRENT. Oh, they know all about that. You see, we were acting upon instructions left by your grandfather, to make a search for the treasure as difficult as possible—as difficult as possible. Of course you understand, Mr. MacTavish?

MAC. No, I don't understand it at all. (*Drops in chair* L. *of table* L.)

BRENT. (*Turns to* JIM, *who is on chest* R.) I'm surprised at you falling for it. You look like a smart young fellow.

JIM. Who wouldn't fall for it! Ten million dollars?

BRENT. I, for my sins, was chosen as the one to urge you on. Good Lord, how you all have hated me. (*Laughs*)

JIM. For the love of Mike!

MARY. Now, see here——!

CARLETON. You mean you never believed in the treasure!

BRENT. Why, my boy, I helped your grandfather cook up the scheme.

CARLETON. Well, I'll be damned!

BRENT. I wish your grandfather could hear you say that.

JIM. And you let us work ourselves to death for his health!

BRENT. I couldn't help it, the scheme ran away with itself. I was stumped when I found Mr. Carleton had sold the books, so I hurried here to get them back to him. I didn't dream the whole lot of you would make such a quick getaway to Cape Cod.

MARY. (*Over to* MAC) Well, what do you think of that, Granddaddy!

MAC. I don't know, I'm sure.

MARY. (*To* BRENT) And you mean to say you never intended buying that farm?

BRENT. Why, no. I only told that to Miss Fenton so she'd tell Carleton.

MARY. (*Crosses to* CARLETON) Why, Mr. Carleton!

CARLETON. Miss Mary, pardon me. (*Crosses to* BRENT) Look here, sir, look here! Don't you see what you've done? They've spent all their money. They've bought that farm.

BRENT. Well, that's very unfortunate, but I told you the scheme ran away with itself.

CARLETON. Miss Mary, I shall never forgive myself for being the unwitting author of your misfortune.

SAM. (*Enters and comes down* C.) Well, I guess you didn't expect to see me, did you?

BRENT. My friend, the Constable.

SAM. (*To* BRENT) The fake detective!

JIM. How on earth did you find us?

MARY. Where did you come from?

SAM. Got into the big depot at 12:13 just an hour ago, and I just shot down in the under-ground. Never saw nothin' like it! Tried to ask the conductor for Des-des-brosses street, an' 'fore I could get the word out—Pst! we was there.

MAC. And did you come all the way to see us?

SAM. Well, sorter kinda to see you and sorter kinda on business.

MAC. Get the officer a chair, Mary, he looks worn out. (MARY *starts to hand chair to* SAM)

CARLETON. Pardon me, Miss Mary. (*Gets chair up* L. *and places it up* C. *for* SAM)

SAM. (*As he sits*) Well, I am a little blowed. Always wanted to see the Flatiron Building. Walked there before I took the underground. (*Laughs*) 'Twas worth it! There was a high wind blowin'. (*All laugh.* JIM *sits* R.)

BRENT. I suppose you came in pursuit of those famous burglars?

SAM. Wa'nt no burglars. President of the bank skipped to Canady yistiddy with all the rest of the cash. 'Course I suspicioned him all along, but nobody'd believe me.

(MAC *sits* L.)

JIM. (*On chest* R.) You didn't get him, then?

SAM. I arrested him jist as he started in his autymobile, so I thought it would be kinda slick to take him to the lock-up in his own car. He knew how to run it and I didn't. He got in first and asked me to crank it—but it was a self starter. (*All laugh*)

CARLETON. Were you hurt?

SAM. Well, it didn't do me a durn bit of good.

MARY. Oh, Mr. Sam! And you thought we did it all the time.

SAM. I was only playin' around with you folks.

MARY. Oh, no, you were not!

SAM. That's one reason I come here to see you. I know I give you folks an awful scare up there, so I thought I'd do you a favor to make up for it. I know you don't want that old farm of Luelly's, so maybe I'll take it offen your hands.

MARY. WHAT!

JIM. (*Rises and crosses to* SAM) Do you want to buy it! (BRENT *crosses to* R.)

SAM. Yes, I got a pretty good proposition to make to you folks. Lemme see—I'll gin you—I'll gin you—(*Thinks*) Nope, that's too much. I'll gin you twenty-five hundred. One hundred dollars down and ten dollars a month for twenty years till it's paid for.

ALL. Twenty years!

SAM. I don't mind tellin' you that I'm thinkin' of gettin' spliced and I got to have some place to keep her in.

GREYSON. (*Enters* C. *stairs and comes down,* R. C.) Well, good morning, folks.

ALL. Good morning.

GREYSON. How do you do, Mr. MacTavish. (*Raises his hat to* MARY) Miss! (*Sees* SAM) You beat me to it, eh? You got here before me.

JIM. Is all of Swampset coming to New York?

MAC. Well, well, it's Mr. Greyson the surveyor—

MARY. (*To* GREYSON) What do you want here? Do you wish to buy some books?

GREYSON. No, that's a little out of my line this monring. I've come here on a different kind of business.

SAM. I should say he has!

GREYSON. (*To* SAM) Trying to put one over on me, eh?

SAM. I got a right.

GREYSON. Nothing of the kind.

SAM. Hev too; it's a free country.

GREYSON. (R. C.) Now, look here, Dicken, if you try to spoil anything for me here I'll make you pay for it.

SAM. Take keer! Take keer! You're threatenin' a officer of the law!

GREYSON. Officer of the law! That foolish stuff! (*Ad lib quarrel with* SAM)

JIM. What's the idea?

GREYSON. That's all right, young fellow. don't get excited. (*To* MAC) I beg your pardon. I didn't meant to start a row in your place, but seeing this rube here rather upset me.

SAM. Who's a rube?

MARY. Why shouldn't Mr. Sam be here? He came on business.

GREYSON. Just as I thought. I suppose he's made you an offer for the Bush Farm?

MARY. Yes, he has.

CARLETON. (*Comes down* L. C.) But I want to rent it.

GREYSON. What do you want it for?

CARLETON. To live on.

GREYSON. Well, I had a proposition to make regarding that property which I unfortunately mentioned to our friend here, old Sleuth, and I suppose he thought he'd get here first and sting me.

SAM. Well, business is business.

MAC. (*Crossing to* GREYSON) Do you want to buy the place?

GREYSON. I might, if you don't put the price too high.

MARY. Oh, do sit down, won't you? (*They push* SAM *out of the way, over* R. *and seat* GREYSON)

GREYSON. (*Laughing at their eagerness*) Thanks!

JIM. (R. *of* GREYSON) Have a cigar? (*Feels in his pocket*) I haven't any. Have a cigarette?

(BRENT *works across to above* GREYSON.)

GREYSON. Thanks, I don't smoke. (*Ad lib business of trying to get his hat, and general fussing over him*) Well, I judge from this cordial reception that you folks are not averse to selling that

farm.

MARY. Oh, if we only could.

JIM. What do you want the place for?

GREYSON. Is it necessary to state that?

SAM. (*Mysteriously*) I ain't sayin' nothin', but I know what he wants it for.

GRAYSON. Dickens, you keep out of this.

BRENT. I suppose you haven't any lingering hope that there might be treasure up there?

GREYSON. (*Laughs*) Do I look like that kind of a fellow? Now, folks, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you three thousand cash for that farm right now.

MAC. Well, that's verra——

MARY. Granddaddy!

SAM. Don't you take it.

GREYSON. (*To* SAM) Shut up! (*To the others*) Well, what do you say, folks?

JIM. Well, if property values are increasing up there like that, I think we should hold on to it.

GREYSON. It isn't worth a continental to you, and I just happen to want it right now.

MARY. Well, Mr. Greyson, we might consider—(SAM *signals to her; spreading out his five fingers, indicating five*)—five thousand dollars.

GREYSON. All right, I'll go you.

CARLETON. One moment. Miss Mary, I'll give you six thousand.

SAM. Happy New Year!

CARLETON. And I'll pay you in a year's time.

GREYSON. Seven thousand dollars cash.

CARLETON. Eight thousand.

GREYSON. (*Angrily*) Nine.

CARLETON. Ten thousand.

MAC. No, no, Mr. Carleton, we can't let you do it.

MARY. Granddaddy, please!

JIM. (*Jumps over* GREYSON'S *legs and runs to* MAC) Mac, Carleton will be a millionaire in a year and he won't lose anything by it. Can't you see it's valuable?

SAM. It's valuabler than you think.

(BRENT *starts* R.)

GREYSON. (*Rises*) Look here, folks, this yap is giving you people a wrong idea. I give you my word of honor that place, as it stands, is of no value at all.

SAM. (*Rises and crosses to* R. *of* GREYSON) Yes, as it stands. And I ain't no yap.

BRENT. Mr. Carleton, one moment. (*Draws* CARLETON. *aside* R. *They talk in pantomime.* MARY JIM *and* MAC *are talking excitedly down* L.)

SAM. (*To* GREYSON, *in an aside*) Do I git a commission if I keep quiet?

GREYSON. Go to the devil!

BRENT. (*To* CARLETON) You don't have to live on that particular farm in order to comply with the will, and I think you're foolish.

GREYSON. Of course, he's foolish. Why, they're giving property away up there. People won't pay taxes on it.

CARLETON. (*Sits* R.) Dear me!

JIM. (*Crosses to* L. *of* GREYSON. Well, look here, that's not consistent. In one breath you bid up the place and in the next you say it's of no value. (MARY *goes to* R. *of* GREYSON)

GREYSON. It is of value to me and I'll be frank with you and tell you why.

JIM. (L. C.) That's a good idea.

GREYSON. You know that factory five miles west of the Bush Place?

JIM. The fish cannery?

GREYSON. Yes. I own that place and I intend building a narrow gauge road to run from there to the shore.

SAM. Now the fat's in the fire!

MARY. (*To* GREYSON) Oh, and you have to go through our place?

GREYSON. Not necessarily. There are three other possible ways, but thru your place it's a little more direct.

SAM. Hm! Saves seven miles—all marsh.

ALL. OH!

CARLETON. (*On chest* R.) Well, my offer of ten thousand still holds good.

GREYSON. You've got to wait a year for his offer. I'll give you eleven thousand cash right now.

CARLETON. Twelve thousand.

GREYSON. (*Crosses toward* CARLETON) See here, young man, you're off your head. (MARY *moves over* L.) I tell you this place is of no value at all.

JIM. Yes, but think how the railroad will improve things.

GREYSON. It's a private road to be used for freight only. Now, look here. (*To* MAC) Are you the head of MacTavish and Company?

MAC. I'm supposed to be.

GREYSON. Supposed to be!

MAC. I'm MacTavish. (*Points to* MARY) This is the Company.

GREYSON. Well, who will I do business with?

MARY. You may transact your business with me.

JIM. That's right, Mary, go ahead and talk to him.

GREYSON. You keep out of this, young fellow.

MARY. Now, look here, Mr. Greyson. I don't want to seem grasping. I don't care about the money, it's the principle of the thing. Now, if

you save seven miles of swamp, that property should be worth at least—(*Sees* BRENT *signalling her, showing the figure on a calendar hanging on* R. *wall*) —Eighteen thousand dollars to you.

MAC. But, Mary—!(SAM *laughs*)

GREYSON. (*Turns to* SAM) Now see what you've done! (JIM *crosses to* MAC)

SAM. Well, what did you call me a yap for?

GREYSON. (*To* MARY) The price is perfectly ridiculous. Do you mean to say that's the lowest figure you'll take? (JIM *jumps up on* L. *desk and signals frantically to* MARY *to accept*)

MARY. Well—yes. (*Business*) Sit down there, Mr. Greyson.

GREYSON. Well, I'll go you. (*Takes out check book*) Eighteen thousand for a stretch of marsh and stone! (*Sits* R. *of desk and starts to make out a check*)

CARLETON. (*As* BRENT *nudges him*) Nineteen thousand.

GREYSON. What! (*Rises and crosses to* CARLETON) Young man, let me tell you something. I'll guarantee to buy you a hundred acres up there for less than half that price if you keep out of this deal.

CARLETON. You don't say so!

GREYSON. (*Goes* L.) Now, see here, folks, there's no use in pretending to you that I'm not anxious to have that place, because I am, but there's a limit to all things and you've reached it. I'm going to make you one more offer. It's positively my last word and I'm not bluffing. I'll give you twenty—(*Turns and looks at* CARLETON, *then back to others*)—twenty-five thousand dollars in cash for that farm, and not a penny more. (BRENT *signals to* CARLETON *not to bid any higher*)

JIM. Carleton? (CARLETON *shakes his head.* JIM *signals to* MARY *to accept the offer*)

MARY. Well—we'll take it.

GREYSON. Done! I have an agreement of sale all drawn up ready for you to sign. (BRENT *crosses to above* L. *desk*) And I'll give you my check right now. (*Sits* R. *of desk and makes out a check.* MARY *and* MAC *go to* L. *of desk;* MARY *sits and looks over the agreement* GREYSON *hands her*)

BRENT. (*To* MARY) May I have a look at that?

MARY. (*As she hands him the agreement*) Certainly, Mr. Brent. (BRENT *takes it and examines it*)

SAM. (*To* MARY) How about me? Don't I get a commission for puttin' you wise?

MARY. You certainly deserve it, MR. SAM.

BRENT. (*Hands the agreement to* MARY) That's all right. MacTavish and Company will have to sign it.

MARY. Where do we sign, Mr. Brent?

BRENT. Right here; lower line.

(MARY *and* MAC *sign the paper.*)

SAM. (C.) Ten per cent of twenty-five thousand is—(*Tries to compute the amount on his fingers*) Well, whatever it is, it'll be welcome.

GREYSON. (*Hands the check to* MARY) There's your check.

MARY. And here's your agreement. (*Hands it to him*)

GREYSON. (*Rises*) Well, you people have stung me, all right. You can mail me the deed, Mr. Brent. (*Goes upstage* C.) I've got to catch the 2:10 train back. Good-bye, folks.

ALL. Good-bye.

MARY. I hope you are perfectly satisfied with your bargain, Mr. Greyson.

GREYSON. Perfectly satisfied. I've paid a good price, but I don't mind telling you that it's worth twice that much to me. Good-bye. (*Exits up the stairs*)

ALL. Good-bye! (*General hub-bub*)

MARY. Oh, Granddaddy, think of it! Twenty-five thousand dollars! Isn't it wonderful! (*Throws her arm about* MAC, *starts to embrace* JIM, *catches herself, runs for* CARLETON *and bumps into* SAM)

SAM. Hey, just a minute! How about my commission?

MAC. Yes, Mary, I think the officer is entitled to a commission.

MARY. Certainly, Granddaddy. We'll send it to you, Mr. Sam.

SAM. I hope there'll be no delay. Not such a bad day's business. Well, I got to get the 2:10 too, or pay for a night's lodging. (*Goes up* C.) Anyway, I seen New York. So long, folks. (*Exit* C. *All laugh*)

BRENT. (*Crosses to* CARLETON) Come on, Carleton, the firm wants to congratulate you.

CARLETON. Well—I'm expecting a lady.

BRENT. Miss Fenton?

CARLETON. Yes.

BRENT. If she's coming I'm going to make a getaway. Goodbye, MacTavish—(*Turns to* MARY) —And Company. I haven't forgotten that you trimmed me out of seventy dollars. (*To* JIM, *as he goes up* C.) Good-bye, boy. (*Standing in doorway*) Are we friends?

MARY. Of course we are.

BRENT. Good-bye, everybody. God bless you! (*Exits* C.)

MARY. (*Runs to* CARLETON) It's too bad, Mr.

ALL. Good-bye!

JIM. Twenty-five thousand dollars!

Carleton, if you wanted the place.

CARLETON. Oh, I didn't want it. I'm going to buy the adjoining property.

ALL. WHAT!

CARLETON. Yes, I saw that he had to have the place, so I thought I'd boost the price.

MARY. Oh, you angel! (*Throws her arm about his neck and kisses him*)

MARIAN. (*Enters* C.) Well!

CARLETON. (*Rises, quickly and goes up to* MARLAN) Oh, Marian, she wasn't—I—I didn't kiss her!

MARIAN. Don't agitate yourself, William. I know only too well you'd never have the courage to kiss a girl.

CARLETON. Oh, wouldn't I! There! (JIM *stamps his foot. As* MARIAN *turns,* CARLETON *kisses her*)

MARIAN. Oh, William!

CARLETON. How long will it take you to pack your bag?

MARIAN. Why?

CARLETON. (*Looks at his watch*) Because in thirty-five minutes you will be my wife.

MARIAN. But, William——!

CARLETON. William, hell! Call me Bill! Come on! (*Grabs her arm and drags her up the stairs and off* R. *All laugh as they exit.* JIM *picks up his suitcase and stands as if ready to go*)

MARY. (*Comes down to* L. *desk, waving the check in the air*) Twenty-five thousand dollars! We can stay here! We can advertise! If we three can't make this place go with capital——!

JIM. Wait a minute! I know what you're going to say. I'm just as happy as you people over this, but I haven't any capital and I'm not going to come here and live on you and Mac.

MARY. (*Comes to* R. *of desk*) Nonsense! MacTavish and Company couldn't get on without you.

JIM. Are you talking to me?

MARY. I am.

(*Warning.*)

JIM. (*Drops his bag and goes to her*) Do you mind saying it again?

MARY. MacTavish and Company couldn't get on without you.

JIM. Mary, you're only sorry for me. I couldn't come here and be a drone to you and Mac.

MAC. You're no drone, lad. (*Comes downstage and starts* L.) Talk to him, Mary. Go on talking to him. (*Exits* L. *on tiptoe*)

MARY. Now, look here, Jim——

JIM. Now, look here, Mary, there's nothing to talk over. I don't want to sell books. I want to write them. And I will, too, I'm going to write and I'm going to succeed if I starve doing it.

MARY. Of course you'll succeed.

JIM. I'm going away and I'll not come back till I make good. And the very first thing I have accepted I'll come to you and I'll tell you then what I can't tell you now.

MARY. But, Jim—!!(*Turns lightly from him*)

JIM. And I'll make you listen to me then. You know, Mary, all this has given me a great idea for a novel. (*Goes to desk and gets manuscript of novel*) This is no good anyhow; I'm going to burn it.

MARY. (*Takes the manuscript from him*) Jim, you shan't do it. Granddaddy and I have gone over every word of it and it's beautiful.

JIM. Yes, beautiful—(*Takes letter from him*) —but it always comes back with these "Regretfully

declined." I'm so used to these things that I— (*Sees the check*) Mary! Do you s e what I see!

MARY. (*Takes the check while* JIM *reads the letter*) It's a check!

JIM. They've taken it!

MARY. Oh, how splendid! But, Jim, why did they send it back?

JIM. (*Looking over the letter*) "Slight change in the last chapter—great promise—new style. (*Draws himself up and speaks in a commanding tone*) Come here!

MARY. (*Surprised at his tone*) What?

JIM. Come here! (MARY *goes to him*) Come here! (*She moves closer to him*) Kiss me! (*She turns slightly from him*) Kiss me! I'm waiting!

MARY. Oh, Jim! (*She puts her arms about his neck. Kiss, embrace,*

Curtain.

END OF THE PLAY.

KICK IN

Play in 4 acts. By Willard Mack. 7 males, 5 females. 3 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours.

"Kick In" is the latest of the very few available mystery plays. Like "Within the Law," "Seven Keys to Baldpate," "The Thirteenth Chair," and "In the Next Room," it is one of those thrillers which are accurately described as "not having a dull moment in it from beginning to end." It is a play with all the ingredients of popularity, not at all difficult to set or to act; the plot carries it along, and the situations are built with that skill and knowledge of the theatre for which Willard Mack is known. An ideal mystery melodrama, for high schools and colleges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

TILLY OF BLOOMSBURY

("Happy-Go-Lucky.") A comedy in 3 acts. By Ian Hay. 9 males, 7 females. 2 interior scenes. Modern dress. Plays a full evening.

Into an aristocratic family comes Tilly, lovable and youthful, with ideas and manners which greatly upset the circle. Tilly is so frankly honest that she makes no secret of her tremendous affection for the young son of the family; this brings her into many difficulties. But her troubles have a joyous end in charmingly blended scenes of sentiment and humor. This comedy presents an opportunity for fine acting, handsome stage settings, and beautiful costuming. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

BILLY

Farce-comedy in 3 acts. By George Cameron. 10 males, 5 females. (A few minor male parts can be doubled, making the cast 7 males, 5 females.) 1 exterior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The action of the play takes place on the S. S. "Florida," bound for Havana. The story has to do with the disappearance of a set of false teeth, which creates endless complications among passengers and crew, and furnishes two and a quarter hours of the heartiest laughter. One of the funniest comedies produced in the last dozen years on the American stage is "Billy" (sometimes called "Billy's Tombstones"), in which the late Sidney Drew achieved a hit in New York and later toured the country several times. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

NOT SO LONG AGO

Comedy in a Prologue, 3 acts, and Epilogue. By Arthur Richman. 5 males, 7 females. 2 interiors, 1 exterior. Costumes, 1876. Plays a full evening.

Arthur Richman has constructed his play around the Cinderella legend. The playwright has shown great wisdom in his choice of material, for he has cleverly crossed the Cinderella theme with a strain of Romeo and Juliet. Mr. Richman places his young lovers in the picturesque New York of forty years ago. This time Cinderella is a seamstress in the home of a social climber, who may have been the first of her kind, though we doubt it. She is interested sentimentally in the son of this house. Her father, learning of her infatuation for the young man without learning also that it is imaginary on the young girl's part, starts out to discover his intentions. He is a poor inventor. The mother of the youth, ambitious chiefly for her children, shudders at the thought of marriage for her son with a sewing-girl. But the Prince contrives to put the slipper on the right foot, and the end is happiness. The play is quaint and agreeable and the three acts are rich in the charm of love and youth. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

THE LOTTERY MAN

Comedy in 3 acts, by Rida Johnson Young. 4 males, 5 females. 3 easy interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

In "The Lottery Man" Rida Johnson Young has seized upon a custom of some newspapers to increase their circulation by clever schemes. Mrs. Young has made the central figure in her famous comedy a newspaper reporter, Jack Wright. Wright owes his employer money, and he agrees to turn in one of the most sensational scoops the paper has ever known. His idea is to conduct a lottery, with *himself* as the prize. The lottery is announced. Thousands of old maids buy coupons. Meantime Wright falls in love with a charming girl. Naturally he fears that he may be won by someone else and starts to get as many tickets as his limited means will permit. Finally the last day is announced. The winning number is 1323, and is held by Lizzie, an old maid, in the household of the newspaper owner. Lizzie refuses to give up. It is discovered, however, that she has stolen the ticket. With this clue, the reporter threatens her with arrest. Of course the coupon is surrendered and Wright gets the girl of his choice. Produced at the Bijou Theater, New York, with great success. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Modern costumes. 2 interiors. Plays 2½ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is—at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing but the Truth," accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—these are the incidents in William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing but the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies of which this country can boast. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SEVENTEEN

A comedy of youth, in 4 acts. By Booth Tarkington. 3 males, 6 females. 1 exterior, 2 interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

It is the tragedy of William Sylvanus Baxter that he has ceased to be sixteen and is not yet eighteen. Baby, child, boy, youth and grown-up are definite phenomena. The world knows them and has learned to put up with them. Seventeen is not an age, it is a disease. In its turbulent bosom the leavings of a boy are at war with the beginnings of a man.

In his heart, William Sylvanus Baxter knows all the tortures and delights of love; he is capable of any of the heroisms of his heroic sex. But he is still sent on the most humiliating errands by his mother, and depends upon his father for the last nickel of spending money.

Silly Bill fell in love with Lolo, the Baby-Talk Lady, a vapid if amiable little flirt. To woo her in a manner worthy of himself (and incidentally of her) he stole his father's evening clothes. When his wooings became a nuisance to the neighborhood, his mother stole the clothes back, and had them altered to fit the middle-aged form of her husband, thereby keeping William at home in the evening.

But when it came to the Baby-Talk Lady's good-bye dance, not to be present was unendurable. How William Sylvanus again got the dress suit, and how as he was wearing it at the party the negro servant, Genesis, disclosed the fact that the proud garment was in reality his father's, are some of the elements in this charming comedy of youth.

"Seventeen" is a story of youth, love and summer time. It is a work of exquisite human sympathy and delicious humor. Produced by Stuart Walker at the Booth Theatre, New York, it enjoyed a run of four years in New York and on the road. Strongly recommended for High School production. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

DADDY LONG-LEGS

A charming comedy in 4 acts. By Jean Webster. The full cast calls for 6 males, 7 females and 6 orphans, but the play, by the easy doubling of some of the characters, may be played by 4 males, 4 females and 3 orphans. The orphans appear only in the first act and may be played by small girls of any age. Four easy interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Many readers of current fiction will recall Jean Webster's "Daddy Long-Legs." Miss Webster dramatized her story and it was presented at the Gaiety Theatre in New York, under Henry Miller's direction, with Ruth Chatterton in the principal rôle. "Daddy Long-Legs" tells the story of Judy, a pretty little drudge in a bleak New England orphanage. One day, a visiting trustee becomes interested in Judy and decides to give her a chance. She does not know the name of her benefactor, but simply calls him Daddy Long-Legs, and writes him letters brimming over with fun and affection. From the Foundling's Home she goes to a fashionable college for girls and there develops the romance that constitutes much of the play's charm. The New York *Times* reviewer, on the morning after the Broadway production, wrote the following: "If you will take your pencil and write down, one below the other, the words delightful, charming, sweet, beautiful and entertaining, and then draw a line and add them up, the answer will be 'Daddy Long-Legs.' To that result you might even add brilliant, pathetic and humorous, but the answer even then would be just what it was before—the play which Miss Jean Webster has made from her book, 'Daddy Long-Legs,' and which was presented at the Gaiety last night. To attempt to describe the simplicity and beauty of 'Daddy Long-Legs' would be like attempting to describe the first breath of Spring after an exceedingly tiresome and hard Winter." "Daddy Long-Legs" enjoyed a two-years' run in New York, and was then toured for over three years. It is now published in play form for the first time. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

THE FAMOUS MRS. FAIR

A comedy in 4 acts. By James Forbes. 3 males, 10 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays a full evening.

An absorbing play of modern American family life. "The Famous Mrs. Fair" is concerned with a strenuous lady who returns from overseas to lecture, and consequently neglects her daughter, who is just saved in time from disaster. Acted with great success by Blanche Bates and Henry Miller. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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ARE YOU A MASON?

Farce in 3 acts. By Leo Ditrichstein. 7 males, 7 females. Modern costumes. Plays 2¼ hours. 1 interior.

"Are You a Mason?" is one of those delightful farces like "Charley's Aunt" that are always fresh. "A mother and a daughter," says the critic of the New York *Herald*, "had husbands who account for absences from the joint household on frequent evenings, falsely pretending to be Masons. The men do not know each other's duplicity, and each tells his wife of having advanced to leadership in his lodge. The older woman was so well pleased with her husband's supposed distinction in the order that she made him promise to put up the name of a visiting friend for membership. Further perplexity over the principal liar arose when a suitor for his second daughter's hand proved to be a real Mason. . . . To tell the story of the play would require volumes, its complications are so numerous. It is a house of cards. One card wrongly placed and the whole thing would collapse. But it stands, an example of remarkable ingenuity. You wonder at the end of the first act how the fun can be kept up on such a slender foundation. But it continues and grows to the last curtain." One of the most hilariously amusing farces ever written, especially suited to schools and Masonic Lodges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

KEMPY

A delightful comedy in 3 acts. By J. C. Nugent and Elliott Nugent. 4 males, 4 females. 1 interior throughout. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

No wonder "Kempy" has been such a tremendous hit in New York, Chicago—wherever it has played. It snaps with wit and humor of the most delightful kind. It's electric. It's small-town folk perfectly pictured. Full of types of varied sorts, each one done to a turn and served with zestful sauce. An ideal entertainment for amusement purposes. The story is about a high-falutin' daughter who in a fit of pique marries the young plumber-architect, who comes to fix the water pipes, just because he "understands" her, having read her book and having sworn to marry the authoress. But in that story lies all the humor that kept the audience laughing every second of every act. Of course there are lots of ramifications, each of which bears its own brand of laughter-making potentials. But the plot and the story are not the main things. There is, for instance, the work of the company. The fun growing out of this family mixup is lively and clean. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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